New-York Tribune.

VOL. XXVIII....No. 1,419. NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1868. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

The Weekly Tribune.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Kansas swung into the enemy right gallantly. She rolls up 18,000 majority for Grant.

Reverdy Johnson is repudiated even by the Administration at Washington. This is worse than being kicked by a mule.

The Philadelphia Morning Post suggests that the Democrats, after they are through trying to steal Gen. Grant, might attempt the larceny of the Rocky Mountains.

The Chairman of the Republican State Committee telegraphs us that Alabama has certainly gone for Grant and Peace! The Democratic papers will please pull that State out of the "Seymour" Electoral column.

The Hon. A. H. Jones, the Republican Congressman from the mountain district of North Carolina, is probably elected. Mr. Jones was the only Republican in the delegation sent to Congress from North Carolina under the Johnson reconstruction.

The Seymour Legion of New-Orleans, since the result of the Election transpired, have entered into a permanent organization. Do they expect to repeat their success by preventing the Republican party of New-Orleans from voting for Gen. Grant next time?

Mr Seward denies that he has been bargaining for real-estate in San Domingo. He declares that since an ungrateful public will not appreciate his services in purchasing Alaska, he has determined to quit the land business forever.

We hear from Iowa that the Hon. James F. Wilson, late Representative in Congress, is very likely to succeed Mr. Grimes in the Senate. Mr. Wilson has been four times elected to the House, but declined to stand for a fifth term this year. His service in the House of course terminates on the 4th of March next.

The Spanish authorities in Cuba admit that several towns in Puerto Principe are in the hands of the revolutionists, and that there is much fighting in the whole neighborhood. Mexicans are arriving in Havana with the supposed intention of aiding the revolutionists in their struggle for independence. All this looks ominous.

The Republicans of this State and of the whole country will gladly learn that the movement to detect and expose the gigantic frauds whereby the vote of this City was so monstrously falsified is being prosecuted with vigor and resolution. They may rest assured that it will be pushed on to the end. Particulars will be given in due season.

The investigation at Jersey City of the case of Col. W. A. Treadwell, charged with dealing in fraudulent naturalization certificates, has resulted in Treadwell being committed in default of $20,000 bail. The United States Grand Jury in this city on Tuesday brought in four more indictments against persons implicated in the naturalization frauds. About seventy of these cases are still awaiting their action.

The French Government seems to be bent on inaugurating a reign of terror. All expression of opinion on the Emperor's *coup d'état* is forbidden. One of the best Liberal papers of Europe has been suspended, and prosecutions against other journals have been begun. Louis Napoleon seems anxious to emulate the despotism of the ex-Queen of Spain; we hope that the result may be the same.

Gen. Prim has addressed a circular to the Captain-Generals of the Spanish Provinces, stating that an increase of troops in the Provinces for which several of the Captain-Generals had asked was beyond the resources of the country. Gen. Prim acts wisely in expressing so great a confidence in the public opinion, for if public opinion is not strong enough to support the new order of things bayonets will avail nothing.

Mr. Robert Yates—who abandoned his seat in the Convention which framed our Federal Constitution, and thus did his best to render the labors of that Convention abortive—is quoted by *The World* as authority for the calumnies wherewith he saw fit, after the death of Alexander Hamilton, to defile the grave of that illustrious victim of Democratic envy and hatred. We spurn alike the calumnies and their author.

Austria and France are incensed at Prince Charles of the Danubian Principalities, who is charged with giving, in common with Russia, his cordial support to the plans for revolutionizing the Christian provinces of European Turkey. Negotiations have therefore been opened to strengthen the sovereignty of the Sultan. It may be expected that Russia and Prussia will hesitate to consent to any scheme of this kind.

The anxiety of Democratic papers to take possession of Gen. Grant suggests the following quotation from the writings of Mr. Hosea Biglow:

"In short I firmly du believe
In Humbug generally,
For it's a thing thet I perceive
To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
In pasturs sweet heth led me,
And this 'll keep the people green
To feed ez they hev fed me."

A correspondent informs us that the late Democratic Legislature of Ohio having enacted that no device of any kind should be printed on the ballots—nothing but the bare names of candidates and the offices for which they were supported—and the Democrats of Monroe County having headed their ballots "The 'White Man's Government,'" the State Canvassers have been constrained to reject them all, returning the Republican candidates as elected in that Democratic stronghold.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson has written an extraordinary letter to the agents of a Texas Land and Emigration Company in London, giving Texas a first-class recommendation as a peaceful and orderly State, and defending his friends, the Rebels, from the charge of outrages and murders which we all know to be rife there, but which Mr. Johnson has the effrontery to deny out and out. We are glad to perceive that *The Daily News* has very neatly and respectfully snubbed him.

The London Telegraph has been lashing its tail over the sentence of a poor man who was sent to prison for 21 days for stealing a few carrots. We do not see why the slight value of the articles taken should wholly excuse the crime. If theft is to be punished at all, the punishment must be impartial. If it is right to steal a handful of carrots, why not to steal a handful of anything else? We remember the case of a man in New-York who was sent to State Prison for twenty years for a highway robbery by which he secured a plunder of six cents. The punishment was severe; but it was wise, for it prevented scores of greater crimes.

We trust that our Legislature will adopt a stringent law with reference to the crime of throwing railroad trains off the track. We do not believe in capital punishment; but we are half afraid that, in view of a brutal, fiendish, and far-reaching crime like this, we should be open to conviction. Modern society shows at times a singular tendency to the perpetration of certain crimes. In England, a few years ago, there was a mania for garroting. The Parliament decreed that any one detected in this act should receive thirty or sixty lashes. Garroting ceased. The rascals did not so much object to being locked up in prison, with good quarters, raiment, food, and moderate labor; but when it came to sharp and stinging stripes upon their bare shoulders it was quite another thing. How would it do for the Legislature to give some of these train-destroying villains a good long term of imprisonment and periodical floggings?

Count von der Goltz, for many years Prussian Embassador in Paris, is regarded as one of the ablest Prussian statesmen, and has sometimes been pointed out as the probable successor of Count Bismarck, if the latter from failing health, or some other cause, should resign the Premiership. An incurable disease of the eyes, from which Count von der Goltz has long and severely suffered, has now led him to resign. He is followed by the Baron von Werther, hitherto Prussian Embassador in Vienna. In the war of 1866, the Count von der Goltz and the Baron von Werther held at the Courts of Paris and Vienna positions of great responsibility, but both discharged their duties to the entire satisfaction of their Governments.

We have neither room nor taste for the new controversy now raging as to the authorship of the spirited verses improperly designated "The Flaunting Lie." We can only say that we have ever understood and believed that they were written by the late Gen. Charles G. Halpine. Mr. Wm. Oland Bourne—who now claims the authorship—favors us with a copy of a note which he says he wrote us during Gen. Halpine's life (Feb. 26, 1864), distinctly making such claim. We can only say that we have no recollection of receiving any such note, and did not know, up to last month, that Mr. B. claimed the authorship of those verses. If he be indeed the author, then Gen. Halpine lived and died under a hallucination.

The Democratic State Central Club of South Carolina, through its President, Gen. Wade Hampton, has issued an address to its fellow-citizens, urging them to do a great variety of things, some wise, and some foolish. Gen. Hampton advises the party to devote its energies to agriculture, manufactures, education, and immigration, and herein he has our cordial approval. It is by a proper attention to these objects that the South can best labor for its own regeneration. If the chivalry will also adopt his recommendation to "gather wisdom "from failure," they will discard the political teachings of men like Hampton, who have been the cause of all their miseries, and who have contributed more than anybody else to their defeat.

The Provisional Government of Spain has done wisely in proposing to make treaties of peace with Chili and Peru. The war with the South American Republics was wanton. Thus far it has brought nothing but dishonor to the Spanish flag. Peru and Chili are stronger by reason of the attacks made upon their nationality. It is as impossible for the Spanish flag to return permanently to the shores of America as the representative of an absolute monarchy as it would be for Queen Victoria to send a fleet to New-York and reëstablish the statue of George the Third in Bowling-Green. In Spain liberty means peace; and the patriotic men who manage her destinies never did a better thing than when they proposed to make peace with their former South American colonies.

The Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of England decide that the common law of Great Britain gives women no right to vote. This, we presume, will be the end of the recent movement for women suffrage, which seemed to be on the point of succeeding a few weeks ago. It seems odd that, in a country where a woman exercises all the functions of royalty, and where women have certainly been as good monarchs as men, the common law should debar them from the ballot-box. If one woman can reign over the kingdom, why should not other women vote? The nation which had Elizabeth [illegible] Queen should not hesitate, we think, [illegible] claims.

The Czar has begun in earnest his commendable efforts to mitigate the horrors of war, and the International Commission appointed at his instance to devise rules by which armies can kill each other as humanely as possible is now in session at St. Petersburg. It seems to us quite practicable for such a commission to do excellent service to mankind, not only in preventing the use of unnecessarily cruel weapons, such as the explosive bullet, but in throwing additional safeguards around non-combatants who are exposed to the pathway of war, and regulating the treatment of prisoners. It is a strange fact that a nation which was yesterday a horde of barbarians should have already achieved one of the most humane works of this century—the abolition of serfdom—and should now be leading the older civilization of Europe in another.

The Cable gives us a singular admission on the part of *The London Morning Post*. It regrets "the postponement of the negotiation for "a new Reciprocity Treaty between the Do-"minion of Canada and the United States. *It "regards the conclusion of that treaty as the "only sedative for the discontent of Nova Sco-"tia.*" In other words, English colonies can only be kept in a condition of peace by the liberality of the United States. Nova Scotia will only be quieted when the Washington Government gives its people the privileges that belong to American citizens. It will only respect the British Crown when it has all the rights of a Yankee State. We note this as an index of the growth of the Annexation feeling in the Canadas. It seems to be manifest destiny that there shall be but one Government on the North American continent. Whether we wish it or not, popular opinion, the laws of trade and of commerce, all seem to tend that way.

Paris has recently had a new literary sensation. A new map of France has appeared, showing the frontier of the Empire under the Restoration, Louis Philippe, and Louis Napoleon. In the map itself there is nothing new, and it is even said to have been badly executed; but it is accompanied by a brief preface, which, according to an intimation of the *Constitutionnel*, has been written by the Emperor himself. There was, consequently, an intense curiosity to see the latest Napoleonic idea, and more than a hundred thousand copies of the map were ordered in advance. From the anything but flattering notices of the map in several official papers, it may be inferred that the reports as to the authorship of this preface have no good foundation. The aim of the preface is to show that the recent territorial changes in Europe have not destroyed the balance of power to the detriment of France, and that France has nothing to fear from any one. For any official or semi-official publication this would certainly be an unexpectedly modest position.

The influential position of Archbishop of Canterbury has been conferred upon Bishop Tait of London. In the present political agitation, Dr. Tait, like all the Anglican Bishops of Great Britain and Ireland, is an opponent of Mr. Gladstone's bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. In religious questions he is regarded as a moderate Broad Church man, who is in favor of allowing to every party in the Church the greatest liberty. On this ground he has repeatedly opposed the measures taken by the English Church against Dr. Colenso, as well as the severity which in many dioceses is shown to the Ritualists. He is an ardent champion of the connection between Church and State, and strenuously opposes the movement toward the self-government of the Church in questions purely ecclesiastical, of which the late Archbishop was an avowed partisan. Dr. Tait is distinguished for his theological learning, having received his theological education partly at the German University. At a pastoral visit which he recently paid to the English congregation at Bonn, he visited a number of the professors, and warmly expressed his grateful recollection of the time he had spent at Bonn as a student. The diocese of London has had few bishops who can compare with Bishop Tait in the activity displayed for the erection of new churches, and for bringing all classes of society, and in particular the poor and abandoned, under the influence of religion.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

The Adjutant-General of the army has made his annual report to the Secretary of War. The actual strength of the regiments in the service on the 30th of September was 43,741 men, and beside these there were 4,340 men in the Engineer, Ordnance, and other special branches of the service. An unusually large number of discharges have been granted during the year on individual applications, and these, with ordinary discharges and casualties, are rapidly diminishing the regiments, except of cavalry, which are necessarily kept in force, because of the Indian depredations. It is reported that 4,600 men are to be discharged before New Year's, by reason of the expiration of their term of enlistment. The number of desertions last year was 2,700 less than in the previous year, and the number of deserters arrested was nearly a thousand greater, and the proportion of losses by desertion to the strength of the army is considerably less than last year. Recruiting was carried on for all branches of the service until Nov. 26, 1867, when orders were issued to reduce all regiments of infantry and artillery except the ten light batteries, to the number of 50 privates per company, and to reduce the recruiting service by breaking up all rendezvous except four for cavalry and four for infantry. Recruiting for infantry and artillery was suspended April 3, 1868, except in cases of old soldiers desiring to enlist; and on the 24th of July, 1868, instructions were issued prohibiting all enlistments or reënlistments, except as musicians, of any men in either of these two branches. It is added that to still further reduce the expense and strength of the military establishment, the detachments at the recruiting depots have been reduced as much as possible, and the schools of instructions have been suspended. No recruiting of any kind but for cavalry has been going on since the end of last July, and there are only five stations for recruiting in this arm of the service. The regiments on the Pacific coast have, as far as possible, to avoid expense of transportation, been supplied with recruits obtained in California. The strength of all the colored regiments in the service is nearly up to the required standard. The Adjutant-General renews the recommendation which he made last year, namely, that men be enlisted for five instead of three years. He further recommends that Congress authorize the enlistment of boys over 12 years as musicians, with the consent of their parents. They must now be 16, and are too old to begin training, especially for drummers. To meet a contingency which he regrets has of late several times arisen, he recommends that the President be empowered to drop from the rolls of the army any officer who deserts and cannot be arrested for court-martial within three months of the time of desertion. It is also recommended that the Superintendents of the National Cemeteries be placed on the footing of enlisted men. Gen. Townsend says that at the date of his annual report there were 203 volunteer officers in the service, all of whom but Gen. Howard, head of the Freedmen's Bureau, have since been mustered out—at that date there were mustering and disbursing officers at Albany, Philadelphia and Columbus, Ohio, which have since been closed. Commutation money to the amount of $87,770 has been refunded under the act of Feb., 1867, and as one clause of said act prevents the payment of some just claims that have been received at the Department since it was passed, the repeal of that proviso is recommended. Nearly all the legal claims for collecting, drilling, and organizing volunteers, have been paid or are on file undergoing examination and verification, with a view to payment. The Adjutant-General speaks of fraudulent claims that are from time to time presented, and recommends that laws be enacted limiting the time within which claims for expenses incurred prior to muster into service may be presented. The Adjutant-General speaks at some length on the subject of military prisons. He says that the present system of punishment in the army not only fails to reform the men, but tends to degrade them, and that by throwing hardened and desperate criminals into close contact with young and thoughtless soldiers, subjects the latter to contamination by both precept and example. He forcibly alludes to the evils of guard-house confinement, and holds that they are the fruitful cause of desertion. He remarks that men who have been guilty of offenses against the civil law, often enter the army to escape the penalty of their offenses, and at this time [illegible] they are discharged from one regiment they will go to another part of the country and enlist again under other names. After speaking further and with much feeling and judgment on this subject of army discipline and punishment, the Adjutant-General declares again, as he did last year, for military prisons. These, he says, if properly managed, would serve as reformatory institutions, and would rid the army of many vicious and insubordinate men; they would materially diminish the need and expense of courts martial, prevent the discharge of many desperate men in unsettled parts of the country, where they always become pests and outlaws, and would facilitate the recognition of offenders against the civil law who have entered the ranks of the army. He proposes to build the first prison in New-York harbor, and if that is found to work well, then he would have Congress provide for similar institutions on Ship Island, at one point on the Pacific coast, and at one point in the Mississippi valley. The labor of convicts and the stoppages of pay would, he thinks, nearly support each prison after its erection. He would have companies of discipline attached to each prison, into which, under proper regulations, all idle and worthless men of the class who prefer being in the guard-house to doing duty, should be transferred, and would have these vagabonds severely dealt with. He sketches his plan in detail, and suggests that it be submitted to Congress. The report closes with tables showing the number and rank of officers in the Adjutant-General's Department.... The following is a summary of United States notes and currency in circulation, and in the Government offices at the close of business in the Treasury office on Tuesday, Nov. 10, 1868. The seventeen millions in compound-interest notes have been nearly all redeemed, but the exact amount outstanding is not known at this time.

U. S. Notes, old issue	$138,223 75
U. S. Notes, new issue	355,731,850 00
Total U. S. Notes	355,870,073 75
Compound Interest Notes	17,094,850 00
One year Five per cent Notes	295,157 00
Two years Five per cent	121,702 50
Two years Five per cent Coupon Notes	49,302 50
Total Five per cent Notes	466,162 00
Fractional Currency, first issue	4,748,271 50
Fractional Currency, second issue	5,723,021 29
Fractional Currency, third issue	25,109,092 63
Total Fractional Currency	35,577,385 42
Total Notes and Currency outstanding	407,008,411 37

Surgeon-General Barnes has made his annual report to the Secretary of War. The synopsis which he gives of the monthly reports of the sick and wounded, for the year, medical men will find of much interest when the document is published. The whole number of deaths among the white troops during the year was 1,333; among the colored troops, 268. Dr. Barnes reports at length what has been done in his office toward studying and classifying the records of the various injuries received by soldiers during the war, as well as what progress has been made in arranging the Medical Museum, which has become a very valuable feature of his Department. His expenditures during the year were $1,756,600, and he asks only a small appropriation for the coming year ....A telegram from Portsmouth, N. H., dated the 13th inst., gives the following account of a collision at the Navy-Yard at Kittery, Me., opposite that place, between the State and United States officials:

Deputy-Sheriff Charles H. Bartlett, it is alleged, has been claiming exorbitant fees for the collection of debts in the Navy-Yard, thus creating feeling among the officers and employés. To prevent trouble, Commodore Lanman left an order with the watchman at the gate that when the Deputy-Sheriff came to the Yard to serve writs he should be requested to call at the Commodore's office, and the man or men wanted would be sent for by an orderly. The Sheriff, however, treated the order with contempt, and on Tuesday last he was ejected from the premises, and orders were issued by the Commodore to keep him out in future. Yesterday the officer again made his appearance, and on being refused admission he arrested the watchman and carried him off. It being currently reported on the yard that the bellicose deputy had threatened to raise a posse and capture the Commodore, with his whole command, the Commodore ordered out a detachment of marines to guard the gate, and the people of Kittery, together with the workmen on the yard, were greatly excited at the prospect of a battle. The principal officers on duty here have expressed the opinion that, should the legal authorities of Maine persist in violations of the Navy-Yard rules, the Secretary of the Navy will at once order the discharge of all employés and shut up the yard.

The annual report of the Hon. H. R. Hulburd, Controller of the Currency, which is nearly finished, will show the number of banks organized during the last year to be but 12, about half of which were intended to take the place of banks that are winding up, and are to have circulation as the notes of such banks are returned, the remainder being new associations without circulation, until some further proviso shall be made by Congress. It will also contain tables showing the condition of the lawful money reserved by States, exhibiting the amount of circulation and deposits to be protected by the reserve, the amount of lawful money on hand, and the amount available in New-York and other redeeming cities for that purpose. Those banks that are required to hold in reserve 15 per cent and those that are required to hold 25 per cent of their circulation and deposits are grouped separately. These returns are given for each quarter of last year, and show a very considerable excess of reserve over the amount required by law. The report will present in tabular form the amount of taxes paid by the banks to their respective States and to the United States for the calendar year 1867, showing the aggregate taxation to be nearly five per cent on the capital of the banks. An interesting exhibit will be made of the aggregate amount of the loans and discounts made by the banks in the several States, the number and average amount of loans and the average time—the average for all the States being about 70 days, the credits being longer in the Eastern or older States, and shorter in the Western States. Rhode Island shows the longest average, being 102 days. The Controller renews his recommendations of last year for the redemption of all National Bank notes in New-York, believing that the ultimate redemption of all such currency is established beyond a question. It only remains to make them convertible. This can be done only by making them redeemable at a common center, which should be the center of trade. When this is accomplished, the amount of notes in circulation will be regulated strictly by the demand. When the volume shall be greater than is necessary to do the business of the country the banks will be called upon to redeem the surplus, and it will be retired. When trade is active, and more currency is required, the banks will expand their issues, and redemptions will not be demanded until the season of activity is over. If all the banks are required to conform to a uniform standard of responsibility in this particular, the burden, being equally divided among all in proportion to their circulation, will be light, because the aggregate redemption at any given time will not exceed the surplus of notes in circulation, while if such a rule is not established, the burden will be unequally divided, falling most heavily on those banks which conform to the highest standard, compelling them by the frequent return of their notes to contract their issues, while at the same time the remote banks will be tempted to undue expansion, the temptation being the difficulty and expense of returning their notes for redemption. In this, as in all other cases, the inferior currency will be the more abundant. Rigid, unfailing convertibility is the only safe rule, and in the end the most economical. It is an obligation which every National bank owes to the system, to contribute its due share to the maintenance of circulation of uniform value. This it can do only by keeping its own issues at par in the great centers of trade. Any plan which is not comprehensive, thorough, and rigid, will fail. A half-way, doubtful, voluntary arrangement will not answer the purpose. The Government which authorized the issue of Bank notes for currency has a right to require all banks to conform to the highest standard. The currency of a country belongs to the people; and the Government, which represents the people, should see that the people have the very best currency possible. In his last annual report the Controller remarked that there was not at the time any immediate demand for the redemption of National Bank notes, but it would be one of the healthiest evidences of returning soundness in our financial affairs if it should be begun. If legal tenders should command a small premium, it would begin. It would be the first step toward specie payments. It would mark an era in legal-tender notes, the date of their appreciation in value. At the same time it would be a healthy reminder to the banks that their circulation is a liability payable on demand. The Controller is opposed to the payment of interest on bank balances by New-York city banks, and favors a return to specie payments.... The annual report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, of Gen. Dyer, Chief of Ordnance, has been submitted to the Secretary of War. He says that his expenditures for the year were $3,092,000, which is less than three-fifths of his expenditures during the previous year. The necessary preliminary steps have been taken for removing public property and selling land at the St. Louis Arsenal and Liberty Depot, in Missouri, as required by an act of Congress at the last session. He says that the sale of the St. Louis arsenal renders it necessary to make arrangements for supplying its place. An ordnance board which made an investigation, recommended the establishment of a new arsenal at Jefferson barracks, and the War Department concurs in this recommendation. Gen. Dyer renews his proposal to sell the arsenals at Rome, N. Y., and Vergennes, Vt., and the Government property at Harpers Ferry. He also renews and strongly urges the establishment of new arsenals at Omaha or elsewhere in that section of the country. He speaks at length of arming the prominent fortifications of the country, and says that experiments have been instituted to test the smooth-bore and rifle cannon. He recommends that the Government go on as rapidly as possible with the manufacturing of smooth-bores and of rifle-bores as soon as the results of practical tests will authorize. He says finally that good report is [illegible] from all quarters of the breech loading muskets that have been converted from muzzle loaders, [illegible] ....The Government's supervising architect, Mr. A. B. Mullett, has transmitted his report to the Secretary of the Treasury. The business of the office has largely increased since its organization. Mr. Mullett has been unable to compel contractors to supply material and manufactured work when they have taken contracts at unremunerative prices. He has been embarrassed also by the eight-hour system on Government work, and he thinks that the operation of the eight hour rule has been to retard the progress of public buildings and increase their price. He adds that not only has he not been able to get as much work in eight hours as in ten, but that his experience is that in most cases much less work per hour has been done under the new system than under the old. He further says:

It appears to me that the law in force up to the passage of the act which authorized Government officers to conform to the rules and prices established by custom in the different localities, was not only eminently just but liberal, the uniform practice on all works under charge of this department having been to pay full market rates for labor, and to give the mechanics and laborers employed the full advantages of the interpretation of the local customs on all points, and to avoid interference in any manner with these questions. It is also, in discussing this subject, worthy of remark that a workman can earn a larger sum per annum when employed on public than on private buildings, at the same per diem pay—there being a much smaller percentage of lost time, and employment being more permanent. It appears manifest that the system of paying the mechanic who is employed on Government work the same price for eight hours that the one employed by private persons receives for ten hours' work, is unjust. It has, at any rate, increased the cost of public buildings from 20 to 25 per cent beyond the amount for which I can consent to be held responsible.

After remarking that the Department should make contracts for buildings in exceptional cases only, Mr Mullett surveys the Government buildings in New-York city, and recommends the purchase of the Battery. He says:

"In my last report I urged the erection in the city of New-York of suitable fire-proof warehouses for the examination and appraisal of merchandise entered at that port, and called particular attention to the unsuitable and unsatisfactory accommodations that were at present obtained at an expense, sufficient in a few years to pay the entire cost of erecting suitable buildings. I desire to renew the recommendation, and urge the propriety of *securing, if possible, the entire Battery as a site for the revenue buildings* needed in that city; and in this connection I have to state that at the present rate of increase the Custom-House will in a very short time be found as inadequate for the transaction of the business of the port of New-York as were the buildings formerly occupied at the date of the removal from them, the entire building, including the upper and attic stories, which were occupied by the American Bank Note Company until May 1, 1868, now being crowded to its utmost capacity. The purchase of a portion of the Battery as a site for the proposed barge office, and the contemplated and necessary removal thereto of the entire Surveyor's Department, renders it important that steps should be taken to secure this valuable property from the City of New-York, who are the owners. And from the liberality with which the city authorities have heretofore treated the Government in similar cases, I believe it can be obtained at a lower rate, and that the present Custom-House property can be sold for a sum that should enable the Department to erect a building ample for the wants of the public business creditable to the Government, and an ornament to the City of New-York."

Mr. Mullett's estimates for the remainder of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1869, are as follows:

Construction of Custom-House, Cairo, Ill	$50,000
Construction of Custom-House, Ogdensburgh, N.Y.	25,000
Construction of Custom-House, St. Paul, Minn	50,000
Repairs of Custom House, San Francisco, Cal	15,000
Construction of C H. and Post-Office, Madison, Wis.	50,000
Construction of Custom-House, Springfield, Ill	50,000
Construction of Marine Hospital, Chicago, Ill	50,000
Construction of Branch Mint, San Francisco, Cal	450,000
Construction of Appraisers' Stores, Phila., Penn.	75,000
Construction of Basin and N. D. Barge Office, N.Y.	50,000
Construction of P.O. and Sub Treas., Boston, Mass.	400,000
Completing north wing Treasury building	100,000
Completing approaches to Treasury building	46,000

Estimates for the year ending June 30, 1870:

Extension Custom-House, Bangor, Me	$25,000
Construction Custom-House, Cairo, Ill	60,000
Construction Custom-House, Portland, Me	120,000
Construction Custom-House, Portland, Oregon	50,000
Construction Custom-House, St. Paul, Minn	100,000
Construction C. H. and Post-Office, Madison, Wis.	100,000
Construction C. H. and Post-Office, Portland, Me.	50,000
Construction C. H. and P. O., Des Moines, Iowa	25,000
Con'tion C. H., P.O., and Sub-Treas., Boston, Mass.	400,000
Construction Branch Mint, San Francisco, Cal	500,000
Construction Barge office, New-York	250,000
Construction Marine Hospital, Chicago, Ill	100,000
Construction of Appraiser's stores, Philadelphia	100,000
Paving and approaches C. H., Springfield, Ill.	5,000
Paving and approaches C. H., Ogdensburgh, N. Y.	5,000
Removal of hydraulic weight and construction of north-west stairway, Treasury building	40,000
Completion of South Park, as per original plan	42,000
Removing and resetting west area hall	8,000
Completion of main stairway, west wing	8,000
Fencing and approaches to south front	20,000
Annual repairs to Treasury buildings	10,000
Repairs and preservation of public buildings	100,000
Furniture and repairs of same for public buildings	60,000
Heating apparatus and rep's of same for pub build.	40,000
For fire-proof vaults for depositories	25,000

It is asserted on authority claiming to be official that the United States Government has given no instructions whatever to Minister Reverdy Johnson since his departure for Europe, to guide him in his negotiations for the settlement of the Alabama claims, and that all the credit attaching to his course during the past six weeks is due wholly to himself. Secretary Seward is disgusted with the new Minister, and says that his own disgust is equaled by that only of the American people. Neither the President nor the Secretary of State has yet received any confirmation of *The London Times's* reports, as published in Cable telegrams on Wednesday. Mr. Seward favors the appointment of a mixed commission, with an arbiter to settle points of disagreement, but he thinks that Mr. Johnson should be able to settle himself all general principles involved, leaving only minor matters for the Commission. The probabilities are that the whole question, together with the voluminous correspondence since Mr. Johnson's arrival in England may be submitted to Congress early in the session, for such action as may seem necessary. ....The arrival of Admiral Farragut in New-York has furnished material for various speculations in the newspapers, regarding the cause of his return. It has been said that he was summoned home by orders from the Secretary of the Navy; another gratuitous surmise is that his coming was in consequence of intimations from Gen Grant and other leading Republicans that he would be called to the councils of the incoming Administration in the capacity of Secretary of the Navy. The fact is that Admiral Farragut's signal services to the country were taken into consideration by the Department, and he was permitted to take his own course; and so, at his own request, he was nominally assigned to the command of the European squadron; but it was understood that he was to be the authority for his own movements. After following his inclinations in his extended cruise he came home because he preferred to do so, and the Department has given him no orders whatever, and has no intention of assigning him to any duty unless he desires it. He will in a few days haul down his flag from the masthead of the Franklin, and the ship will go out of commission. His position will then be that of any officer of the Navy waiting orders; but Secretary Welles said on Wednesday that as long as he is at the head of the Navy Department, Admiral Farragut will be his own master. It may be mentioned here that the Department has in preparation a long report of the Admiral's cruise, made up from his dispatches and from other sources of information, giving, among other matters of interest, a detailed account of his reception by the various nations that he has visited. This report will be submitted to Congress and published in book form. ....Messrs. Fullerton and Yeaton are in Washington, and still pursuing their investigations into the supposed corruption among United States Revenue officials in New-York. Both were with the President, Attorney-General Evarts, and Secretary McCulloch, on Wednesday. District-Attorney Samuel G. Courtney has been telegraphed for by the President, to come on at once to answer charges against him for acts done in his official capacity. Courtney's opponents assert that the President will suspend him from office and send the case to the Senate. They add that Marshal Murray and Collectors Bailey and Callahan will share Courtney's fate....Several months after the close of the war a tin box was given to Gen. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, by Mr. Stanton, then Secretary of War, for safe keeping. The box was said to contain about $30,000 in gold, and Mr. Spinner carefully locked it away in the vaults of the Treasury. About a year ago a certain national bank suspended, with a heavy indebtedness to the Government. A United States Quartermaster who had got into trouble in his official capacity was indebted to this bank in the sum of $30,000, and the box deposited with Spinner was said to contain that amount of money belonging to said Quartermaster. The bank engaged the services of an eminent lawyer of New-York City as its attorney, and he immediately began proceedings to have the box opened and the money taken out and paid over to the Government to liquidate a part of the bank's indebtedness. The attorney has been striving for more than a year to accomplish his object, but it was not until to-day that success attended his efforts. He had been to Secretary McCulloch, who referred him to Gen. Grant. Gen. Grant hadn't the authority, but thought Stanton was the person. Mr. Stanton referred him back to Mr. McCulloch, who asked time to consider. Several months thus passed, and Mr. McCulloch laid the case before the President, and he thought it a fit subject for a Cabinet consultation. It was accordingly discussed in Cabinet meeting, but before a conclusion could be reached the impeachment complication occurred, and changes were made in the Cabinet. It was then found necessary to bring the subject before the Cabinet again with its new members. This was done, and it was decided that the power to open the box lay with the Secretary of War. On Wednesday the War Secretary detailed Gen. Hardee of his staff to accompany the bank attorney and have the contents of the box examined. They found that the rules of the Treasury Department required a law officer of the United States to be a witness, and Assistant District-Attorney Wilson was sent for. Gen. Spinner then summoned several of his confidential clerks as additional witnesses, and the whole party, headed by the hopeful and triumphant attorney, went to the vaults. The box was brought out from a dusty corner, for inspection. It was locked and sealed, but there was no key. After some delay a locksmith was secured and the box was opened, and found to contain an old calico dress, and a woman's shawl and waterproof cloak, labeled as follows: "Taken from the person of Jefferson Davis at the time of his capture by Col. Pritchard of the U. S. A." Gen. Hardee at once departed for the War Department. The attorney has gone to New-York, and Gen. Spinner is still laughing at the best joke of the season.

THE INDIANS.

Col. Tappan, member of the Indian Peace Commission, has just returned to Washington, and reports that all the Indians represented by those who have met the Commission in council during the present year, together with those with whom Commissioners Auger and Cullen treated, numbering in all about 70,000, are at peace, carrying out the plans and purposes of the Commission, all having either gone upon the reservations set apart for them, or are on their way to them. Col. Tappan says that this has been accomplished simply because the Commissioners have been enabled by the Government, army, and people, to carry out in a measure their part of the contract, while on the other hand the 5,000 or 8,000 men, women, and children of the Cheyennes, Comanches, Apaches, Arrapahoes, and Kiowas, whom the Peace Commission met over a year ago, are declared to be at war with the United States. Our army is operating on the Plains against them. This state of affairs has resulted from the failure of our Government to carry out its treaty agreement, and from the consequent necessity which compels the Indians to go upon the war-path as their only means of self-preservation and safety. Col. Tappan also reports that he has recently returned from the seat of the Canadian Government at Ottawa, where he examined their mode of administering Indian affairs and its results, and that his investigation confirms his convictions, derived from a long residence in the Indian country, and from official intercourse with the Indians, that they are as easily managed, governed, and civilized as any other people, provided justice is done and the protection of law is secured to them, as it is in Canada. Our trouble has resulted from the fact that our policy makes the Indian an outlaw and vagabond, a victim of political speculators, and of combinations whose purpose is to rob the National Treasury and destroy the Indians, acquire lands, and attain wealth and power....Gen. Sheridan, with 2,700 men, is in pursuit of about 7,000 Indian warriors who are threatening hostilities on the Canadian River, in the Indian Territory. It is said that hard fighting is expected.

FIRES AND ACCIDENTS.

Messrs. Roscoe, Clarke & Co.'s saw-mill, in the north-west part of the City of Philadelphia, was burned on Saturday evening, and the flames were communicated to an adjoining building, which was used for wintering Forepaugh's menagerie. The animals escaped into the street, seriously alarming the people. A large African lion was caught in the street by throwing over him a box used for mixing mortar. A leopard rushed into a house where were several women and children, but the beast was as much frightened as the women and children and took refuge in the cellar. The total loss is estimated at $65,000.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

The Municipal Election in Charleston on Wednesday resulted in the choice of Gilbert Pillsbury, the Republican candidate for Mayor, by 18 majority in a poll of 10,000. The excitement in the city on Thursday, while the votes were being counted, was much greater than on election day. Early in the morning the Democrats claimed that they had elected their candidate for Mayor and a majority of the Board of Aldermen, and while this impression prevailed there was comparative quiet in the city. At about 11 o'clock, however, the counting had progressed so far as to show that the result was doubtful, and crowds both of whites and blacks gathered in the streets, engaging in excited debate. At least 1,000 negroes were collected on the corner of Broad and Meeting-sts., anxiously awaiting the announcement of the vote. The newspaper offices were thronged for hours, and up to 3 o'clock, when Mr. Pillsbury's election was reported, the bulletin-boards were the center of attraction. Then the negroes manifested their joy with loud and repeated cheers, and by dancing and jumping about in a most grotesque manner. During the afternoon many of the negroes waited on Mayor Pillsbury at his residence to congratulate him on his success, and were received most cordially. Others marched through the streets bearing on long poles dead roosters, stuffed opossums, &c., cheering lustily for Pillsbury. Reports of some slight assaults and small disturbances were in circulation, but were generally without foundation....A lot of $108,000 8 per cent coupon State bonds, secured by mortgage on the North Carolina Railroad, issued by authority of the last Legislature, having been advertised for sale, were bid off by an individual at 65, at Raleigh, on Friday. Another lot of $4,000 was sold by the Treasurer at 80. Heretofore bonds of the same class and denomination sold for 95. This is regarded as a sharp financial operation. ....Late New-Orleans newspapers say that since the election, business is improving, and that the prospects for a lively season are promising. It is announced that about 150,000 bales of cotton have been received at that port, against 40,000 at the same period last year. One of the New-Orleans journals adds:

This cotton sells readily at about $100 per bale, which is two and a half times as much as cotton commanded before the war. Thus, if we receive this season 800,000 bales, the money value will exceed that of the two millions which came to our city in the ante-bellum times. In other words, there will be $80,000,000 which must change hands in the transactions in this single product of our soil. The diffusion of this, or at least a large portion of it, among the various trades must give a stimulus to our commerce, and dissipate that languor and despondency which have long hung over commercial circles. But beside the cotton, our cane crop, which is exclusively of our own State, must add some twelve millions to the amount of products which will be brought to this market. The cane has turned out well, and is now yielding finely. On some of the plantations the yield has got back to the old boast of our planters of two hogsheads to the acre. All our sugar planters will come out ahead this season. To these two great staples we trust to add largely increased receipts of grain, tobacco, and pork. Despite, therefore, all our disasters and drawbacks we have no reason to be discouraged in regard to the present season in New Orleans. We anticipate, indeed, great life, an active trade, and a plethora of money in our city.

The Alabama Legislature is doing nothing of general interest. The point has been raised that the acts of the Legislature are illegal, on the ground that the law requires an election for a new Legislature on the 3d of November. *The Montgomery Advertiser* maintains that it is the duty of the Governor to order special elections. A case will, doubtless, be soon made up to test the question....The Ku-Klux Klan in Arkansas had a meeting on Thursday, the 5th inst., and determined to discontinue their meetings until they could confer with the Grand Council at New-Orleans, and get a new name and signs, as their present name, signs, and assassination schemes have been discovered by the State authorities. On Friday they sent runners to all parts of the State, for the Ku-Klux to cease the work of assassination until further orders from the Ku-Klux headquarters, and on Saturday they burned their records. ....At the meeting of the Supreme Court of Florida, on to-day, Governor Reed will apply for a *quo warranto* upon Lieut.-Gov. Gleason to show by what right he holds the office of Lieutenant-Governor. Gov. Reed claims that Mr. Gleason was ineligible when he qualified, not having been a citizen of the State three years, as required by the Constitution. A circular is in type, to be published to-morrow, in the interest of Saunders, the independent colored candidate for Congress, from "The Unterrified Tiger Committee of the Republican party of Florida." This circular is signed by 15 prominent colored politicians, calling for the hearty support of voters in the coming election, which takes place on the 29th of December....The North Carolina General Assembly convened in Raleigh on Monday.....In the United States Court at Richmond, yesterday, the trial of a habeas corpus case began, in which the counsel for Caesar Griffin, who had been sentenced to the Penitentiary for shooting a white man, ask his release on the ground that Judge Sheffrey, who held the Court was ineligible under the Fourteenth Amendment. The decision will affect nearly all the judges in the State, and make void or confirm all legal business that has been transacted by them since the final proclamation of the Fourteenth Amendment....The advices from the southern part of Arkansas report that a part of Gen. Catterson's command were attacked by the Ku-Klux Klan at Centre Point, Sevier County, on the 11th. Three of the attacking party and one militiaman were killed, and several on both sides were wounded..... Gen. George H. Thomas has made his annual report to Gen. Grant regarding affairs in the Department of the Cumberland. It opens with the disposition of the troops and an account of assistance rendered to Gov. Boreman, of West Virginia, in preventing trouble at Phillipe. The condition of the troops in the Department has greatly improved in all respects. The General thinks that sutlers should be allowed at all military posts. The duties of the troops are about the same as last year, and the necessity for them is the same. The state of society in those regions where the law has been held in contempt and where life has been insecure has not [illegible] improved, and in some sections [illegible] increased prosperity seem to have encouraged a more active exhibition of the spirit of lawlessness. The report contains a very extensive history of the operations of the Ku-Klux Klan from their first appearance in Giles County, Tenn. It details first the reports which were sent to Washington and allowed by the President to be published—a publication which had a damaging effect upon Union men in the South. The General severely censures those Northern men in Nashville who joined with the Rebels in denying the existence of the Klan. He styles them a few amiable persons of Northern birth, who were living in Nashville under the protection of a well-organized police force. The various acts of the force in helping Gov. Brownlow to preserve the peace, are given in a very interesting form. These movements and their causes help to complete the history of the Ku-Klux Klan. The difficulties arising from resistance to revenue officers have given considerable employment to the troops. Formidable difficulty exists throughout the Department in obtaining justice for Unionists even in the United States Courts. The number of troops in the Department has at no time been so great as was required to preserve the peace. In one case the General ordered the arrest of an ex-Rebel soldier for violating his parole by assaulting a Union man. His trial by military commission was ordered; but the case was referred to the Attorney-General of the United States, and that official held that the prisoner had violated no military law. After that, the report continues, no further attempt was made to afford protection to Union citizens by enforcing obligations of paroles, as the latter seemed of little value except to the paroled. The General does not mince his language in speaking of the delay of several of the railroads in his department in paying their debts. He thinks that they do this in hope that their claims for use during the war may yet be allowed. He recommends that they be compelled to pay up promptly. It is mortifying, he says, to acknowledge that the State and local laws, and the more powerful force of public opinion do not protect citizens of the Department from violence. Indeed, crime is committed because public opinion favors it. A criminal who is popular with the mob can set law at defiance; but if a man is only suspected of crime who is inimical to the community, he is likely to be hanged to the nearest tree or shot down at his own door. The report closes as follows:

"The causes of this lawlessness are different in different States, and apply more particularly to Kentucky and Tennessee than to West Virginia. From the latter State there have been no complaints received other than that of the Governor in his application for troops before mentioned, the sending of which accomplished the object for which they were needed. In Tennessee where a majority of the late Rebels are disfranchised they and the sympathizers with them have a hatred of the State authorities which is unconcealed and aggressive. In localities where the disfranchised element is strong a spirit of persecution toward those in sympathy with the authorities, those who recognize the political rights of the enfranchised negroes, and the negroes themselves, especially shows itself, in utter contempt of all law. Violence is openly talked of. The editorial articles of the public press are such as to create the most intense hatred in the breasts of the ex-Rebels and their sympathizers. The effect of this is to cause disturbance throughout the State by inciting the ruffianly portion of this class of citizens to murder, riot, and maltreat the white Unionists and colored people in localities where there are no United States troops stationed. The local authorities often have not the will, and, moreover, often have not the power to suppress or prevent these outrages. In Kentucky disfranchisement cannot be alleged as a reason for the disturbance. Here the mass of the people are in sympathy with the State authorities, and those politically opposed make no attempt to resist them. The colored people are quiet and peaceable. They have no political rights, not being enfranchised; yet ruffians are permitted to tyrannize over them without fear of punishment. The testimony of negroes is rejected in the State Courts, and United States Courts are difficult of access to an ignorant people without friends or influence. In some districts some ex-Union soldiers are persecuted by their more numerous Rebel neighbors, until they are forced into a resistance which sometimes ends with loss of their lives, or they are compelled in self-defense to emigrate. An appeal to the courts affords but little hope for redress, as the magistrates and juries too often decide in accordance with their prejudices without regard to justice. The controlling cause of the unsettled condition of affairs in the Department is that the greatest efforts made by the defeated insurgents since the close of the war have been to promulgate the idea that the cause of liberty, justice, humanity, equality, and all the calendar of virtues of freedmen suffered violence and wrong when the effort for Southern independence failed. This is of course intended as a species of political cant, whereby the crime of treason might be covered with a counterfeit varnish of patriotism, so that the precipitators of Rebellion might go down in history, hand in hand with the defenders of the Government, thus wiping out with their own hands their own stains. This species of self-forgiveness is amazing in its efficiency, when it is considered that life and property were justly forfeited by the laws of the country, of war, and of nations. Under this inspiration the education of a great many people, moral, and religious, and political, has been turned into channels wherein all might unite in common. The impoverishment of the South, resulting from war and its concomitants, the emancipation of the slaves, and consequent loss of substance, the ambiguity and uncertainty of political rights, and financial values, as well as personal rivalries, have all combined to strengthen the efforts of the pernicious teachers. The evil done has been great, and it is not discernable, that an immediate improvement may be expected."

71.2009.085.20450

AUTUMN VIOLETS.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Keep love for youth, and violets for the Spring:
Or if these bloom when worn-out Autumn grieves,
Let them lie hid in double shade of leaves,
Their own, and others dropped down withering;
For violets suit when home birds build and sing,
Not when the outbound bird a passage cleaves,
Not with the stubble of mown harvest sheaves,
But when the green world buds to blossoming.
Keep violets for the Spring, and love for youth,
Love that should dwell with beauty, mirth, and hope:
Or if a later sadder love be born,
Let this not look for grace beyond its scope,
But give itself, nor plead for answering truth—
A grateful Ruth tho' gleaning scanty corn.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HAWTHORNE'S AMERICAN NOTE-BOOKS.

PASSAGES FROM THE AMERICAN NOTE BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. 2 vols. 12mo. Ticknor & Fields.

The revelations of the interior life of the author which everywhere abound in these volumes give them the charm of an autobiography. They not only disclose his methods of working in the composition of fiction, but throw a broad light around his personal traits and habits of thought. Mr. Hawthorne had the reputation of being a man of singular reserve. His love of solitude never entirely yielded to the attractions of society. Except among the most intimate friends, his intercourse with others was marked by a certain appearance of distrust, which might have been construed either as a want of confidence in himself, or as a suspicion of human nature in general. No man had the gift of silence to such a remarkable extent; to persons with whom his acquaintance was slight he was absolutely impenetrable; and even in the full flow of genial fellowship, his words never glided on in a sweet stream, but seemed to be jerked out as if by some mechanical force.

Yet Mr. Hawthorne did not possess an unkindly nature. His affections were of more than ordinary strength, even if they never blazed forth in flaming demonstrations. He took a cordial delight in the company of young people, even of little children, and was master of the secret of winning their love. His treatment of inferiors was gentle and considerate, and he often awakened a deep interest among those who were far beneath him in position and tastes. With his equals, and with persons of his own age, he was less conciliatory; there seemed to be no common ground between them and himself; but at the same time, he had a genius for friendship, and no man in that relation was ever more devoted and forgetful of self. His finer and more affectionate traits receive a beautiful illustration in these volumes. They evince an almost feminine purity and sweetness of mind, a rare freedom from every taint of evil passions, and a wonderful sympathy with nature, which often appears to take the place of sympathy with his kind.

Indeed, one of the principal charms of these volumes is the freshness and vitality of their natural descriptions. The prose pictures which they present of the New-England landscape are hardly surpassed in delicate tracery and truthful expression by the poetry of Bryant. His power of accurate observation furnished the author with materials for composition which are wrought up with such impressive effect in the creations of his fancy. It is remarkable with what a single eye he was wont to contemplate the scenes of nature. Nothing was too minute for his attention; nothing too grand for his sympathy. The commonest objects afforded him ample food for meditation; the humblest flower, the lowest animal, were studied with a fond curiosity, as though the mysteries of an Apocalypse lurked beneath their insignificant exterior. Nor did their qualities take any illusive coloring from a premature play of the imagination. His mind was a transparent medium through which the realities of nature passed without change. No prismatic splendors disguised their character. A pure achromatic lens was the only instrument through which his eye took in the spectacle of the universe.

The weird and sombre fancies which form the staple of Mr. Hawthorne's fictions appear from these Notes to have but slightly entered into the composition of his nature. It is true that we find perpetual suggestions of this character as presenting materials for literary art. The germs of his most celebrated works are sometimes found in a single sentence. But his own temperament as shown in these artless self-confessions, betrays no tendencies to the melancholy which throws so dark a hue over his writings. Their tone is firm and healthful, if not especially bright, often rejoicing with a deep joy in all natural delights, seldom querulous or cynical, and always alive to the comic and humorous aspects that were presented in the routine of his experience. They indicate a man of robust, decided nature, conscious of his powers, though meekly bearing them, with no effeminate weakness in his disposition, and born with gifts for an active sphere, though early thrown by circumstances into contemplative seclusion.

The first portion of Mr. Hawthorne's Notes is from a journal dated in Salem, 1835, just before the completion of the thirty-first year of his age, and two years previous to the first public collection of his writings under the title of "Twice Told Tales." Many characteristic hints as to the subject of future compositions illustrate the artistic tendencies of his mind at this period. "A change from a gay young girl to an old woman; the melancholy events, the effects of which have clustered around her character, and gradually imbued it with their influence, till she becomes a lover of sick-chambers, taking pleasure in receiving dying breaths and in laying out the dead; also having her mind full of funeral reminiscences, and possessing more acquaintances beneath the burial turf than above it." "The story of a man, cold and hard-hearted, and acknowledging no brotherhood with mankind. At his death they might try to dig him a grave, but, at a little space beneath the ground, strike upon a rock, as if the earth refused to receive the unnatural son into her bosom. Then they would put him into an old sepulcher, where the coffins and corpses were all turned to dust, and so he would be alone. Then the body would petrify; and he having died in some characteristic act and expression, he would seem, through endless ages of death, to repel society as in life, and no one would be buried in that tomb forever." "The dying exclamation of the Emperor Augustus, 'Has it not been well acted?' An essay on the misery of being always under a mask. A veil may be needful, but never a mask. Instances of people who wear masks in all classes of society, and never take them off even in the most familiar moments, though sometimes they may chance to slip aside." Three years after these records, we find Mr. Hawthorne in the incongruous position of a Custom-House inspector in Boston, though he took kindly to its duties, regarding it as a sort of moral university from whose lessons he might derive wise instruction. "I do not mean to imply that I am unhappy or discontented, for this is not the case. My life only is a burden in the same way that it is to every toilsome man; and mine is a healthy weariness, such as needs only a night's sleep to remove it. But from henceforth forever I shall be entitled to call the sons of toil my brethren, and shall know how to sympathize with them, seeing that I likewise have risen at the dawn, and borne the fervor of the midday sun, nor turned my heavy footsteps homeward till eventide. Years hence, perhaps, the experience that my heart is acquiring now will flow out in truth and wisdom."

Again he writes in the middle of February, "I have been measuring coal all day, on board of a black little British schooner, in a dismal dock at the north end of the city. Most of the time I paced the deck to keep myself warm; for the wind (north-east, I believe) blew up through the dock, as if it had been the pipe of a pair of bellows. The vessel lying deep between two wharfs, there was no more delightful prospect, on the right hand and on the left, than the posts and timbers, half immersed in the water, and covered with ice, which the rising and falling of successive tides had left upon them, so that they looked like immense icicles. Across the water, however, not more than half a mile off, appeared the Bunker Hill Monument; and what interested me considerably more, a church-steeple, with the dial of a clock upon it, whereby I was enabled to measure the march of the weary hours. Sometimes I descended into the dirty little cabin of the schooner, and warmed myself by a red-hot stove, among biscuit barrels, pots and kettles, sea-chests, and innumerable lumber of all sorts—my olfactories, meanwhile, being greatly refreshed by the odor of a pipe, which the captain, or some one of his crew, was smoking. But at last came the sunset, with delicate clouds, and a purple light upon the islands; and I blessed it, because it was the signal of my release." The next day gives a cheery entry of a similar kind. "All day long again have I been engaged in a very black business—as black as a coal; and, though my face and hands have undergone a thorough purification, I feel not altogether fit to hold communion with doves. Methinks my profession is somewhat akin to that of a chimney-sweeper; but the latter has the advantage over me, because, after climbing up through the darksome flue of the chimney, he emerges into the midst of the golden air, and sings out his melodies far over the heads of the whole tribe of weary earth-plodders. My toil to-day has been cold and dull enough; nevertheless, I was neither cold nor dull."

Still he finds the Custom-House "an unblest place," and its service a "dreary thraldom," nor are his associates such as he can heartily welcome to his intimacy. "I do detest all offices—all, at least, that are held on a political tenure. And I want nothing to do with politicians. Their hearts wither away, and die out of their bodies. Their consciences are turned to india-rubber, or to some substance as black as that, and which will stretch as much. One thing, if no more, I have gained by my Custom-House experience—to know a politician. It is a knowledge which no previous thought or power of sympathy could have taught me, because the animal, or the machine rather, is not in nature." The days he passed inside the Custom-House were the worst of all, giving "a sense as if all the noblest part of man had been left out of my composition, or had decayed out of it since my nature was given to my own keeping. * * * Never comes any bird of Paradise into that dismal region. A salt or even a coal ship is ten million times preferable; for there the sky is above me, and the fresh breeze around me, and my thoughts, having hardly anything to do with my occupation, are as free as air." One bright morning of the early Spring, he writes: "What a beautiful day was yesterday! My spirit rebelled against being confined in my darksome dungeon at the Custom-House. It seemed a sin—a murder of the joyful young day—a quenching of the sunshine. Nevertheless, there I was kept a prisoner till it was too late to fling myself on a gentle wind, and be blown away into the country. * * * When I shall be again free, I will enjoy all things with the fresh simplicity of a child of five years old. I shall grow young again, made all over anew. I will go forth and stand in a summer shower, and all the worldly dust that has collected on me shall be washed away at once, and my heart will be like a bank of fresh flowers for the weary to rest upon."

In a year from that time, April, 1841, he had taken up his residence at Brook Farm, exchanging the functions of an inspector of coal-heavers for those of a ploughman and dairy-man. One of his first letters from that sylvan abode gives a graphic view of the situation. "I have not yet taken my first lesson in agriculture, except that I went to see our cows foddered, yesterday afternoon. I intend to convert myself into a milkmaid this evening, but I pray Heaven that Mr. —— may be moved to assign me the kindest cow in the herd, otherwise I shall perform my duty with fear and trembling. I like my brethren in affliction very well; and, could you see us sitting round our table at meal-times, before the great kitchen fire, you would call it a cheerful sight. Mrs. B—— is a most comfortable woman to behold. She looks as if her ample person were stuffed full of tenderness—indeed, as if she were all one great, kind heart." The next day, he reports progress. "I did not milk the cows last night, because Mr. —— was afraid to trust them to my hands, or me to their horns, I know not which. But this morning I have done wonders. Before breakfast, I went out to the barn and began to chop hay for the cattle, and with such 'righteous vehemence,' as Mr. —— says, did I labor, that in the space of ten minutes I broke the machine. Then I brought wood and replenished the fires; and finally went down to breakfast, and ate up a huge mound of buckwheat cakes. After breakfast Mr. —— put a four-pronged instrument into my hands, which he gave me to understand was called a pitchfork; and he and Mr. F—— being armed with similar weapons, we all three commenced a gallant attack upon a heap of manure. This office being concluded, and I having purified myself, I sit down to finish this letter. I shall make an excellent husbandman—I feel the original Adam reviving within me."

The following description affords a specimen of Mr. Hawthorne's talent as a Pre-Raphaelite painter of actual life.

A ride to Brighton yesterday morning, it being the day of the weekly cattle-fair. William Allen and myself went in a wagon, carrying a calf to be sold at the fair. The calf had not had his breakfast, as his mother had preceded him to Brighton, and he kept expressing his hunger and discomfort by loud, sonorous baas, especially when we passed any cattle in the field or in the road. The cows, grazing within hearing, expressed great interest, and some of them came galloping to the roadside to behold the calf. Little children, also, on their way to school, stopped to laugh and point at poor little Bossie. He was a prettily behaved urchin, and kept thrusting his hairy muzzle between William and myself, apparently wishing to be stroked and patted. It was an ugly thought that his confidence in human nature, and nature in general, was to be so ill rewarded as by cutting his throat, and selling him in quarters. This, I suppose, has been his fate before now! It was a beautiful morning, clear as crystal, with an invigorating, but not disagreeable coolness. The general aspect of the country was as green as Summer—greener indeed than mid or latter Summer—and there were occasional interminglings of the brilliant hues of Autumn, which made the scenery more beautiful, both visibly and in sentiment. We saw no absolutely mean nor poor-looking abodes along the road. There were warm and comfortable farm-houses, ancient, with the porch, the sloping roof, the antique peak, the clustered chimney, of old times, and modern cottages, smart and tasteful; and villas, with terraces before them, and dense shade, and wooden urns on pillars, and other such tokens of gentility. Pleasant groves of oak and walnut, also, there were, sometimes stretching along valleys, sometimes ascending a hill and clothing it all round, so as to make it a great clump of verdure. Frequently we passed people with cows, oxen, sheep, or pigs for Brighton Fair. On arriving at Brighton, we found the village thronged with people, horses, and vehicles. Probably there is no place in New-England where the character of an agricultural population may be so well studied. Almost all the farmers within a reasonable distance make it a point, I suppose, to attend Brighton Fair pretty frequently, if not on business, yet as amateurs. Then there are all the cattle-people and butchers who supply the Boston market, and dealers from far and near; and every man who has a cow or a yoke of oxen, whether to sell or buy, goes to Brighton on Monday. There were a thousand or two of cattle in the extensive pens belonging to the tavern-keeper, beside many that were standing about. One could hardly stir a step without running upon the horns of one dilemma or another, in the shape of ox, cow, bull, or ram. The yeomen appeared to be more in their element than I have ever seen them anywhere else, except, indeed, at labor—more so than at musterings and such gatherings of amusement. And yet this was a sort of festal day, as well as a day of business. Most of the people were of a bulky make, with much bone and muscle, and some good store of fat, as if they had lived on flesh-diet; with mottled faces, too, hard and red, like those of persons who adhered to the old fashion of spirit-drinking. Great, round-paunched country squires were there too, sitting under the porch of the tavern, or waddling about, whip in hand, discussing the points of the cattle. There were also gentlemen-farmers, neatly, trimly, and fashionably dressed, in handsome surtouts and trousers, strapped under their boots. Yeomen, too, in their black or blue Sunday suits, cut by country tailors, and awkwardly worn. Others (like myself) had on the blue stuff frocks which they wear in the fields, the most comfortable garments that ever were invented. Country loafers were among the throng—men who looked wistfully at the liquors in the bar, and waited for some friend to invite them to drink—poor, shabby, out-at-elbowed devils. Also, dandies from the city, corseted and buckramed, who had come to see the humors of Brighton Fair. All these, and other varieties of mankind, either thronged the spacious bar-room of the hotel, drinking, smoking, talking, bargaining, or walked about among the cattle-pens, looking with knowing eyes at the horned people. The owners of the cattle stood near at hand, waiting for offers. There was something indescribable in their aspect that showed them to be the owners, though they mixed among the crowd. The cattle, brought from a hundred separate farms, or rather from a thousand, seemed to agree very well together, not quarreling in the least. They almost all had a history, no doubt, if they could but have told it. The cows had each given their milk to support families—had roamed the pastures, and come home to the barn-yard, had been looked upon as a sort of member of the domestic circle, and was known by a name, as Brindle or Cherry. The oxen, with their necks bent by the heavy yoke, had toiled in the plow-field and in haying-time for many years, and knew their master's stall as well as the master himself knew his own table. Even the young steers and the little calves had something of domestic sacredness about them, for children had watched their growth, and petted them, and played with them. And here they all were, old and young, gathered from their thousand homes to Brighton Fair; whence the great chance was that they would go to the slaughter-house, and thence be transmitted, in sirloins, joints, and such pieces, to the tables of the Boston folk.

William Allen had come to buy four little pigs to take the places of four who have now grown large at our farm, and are to be fatted and killed within a few weeks. There were several hundreds, in pens appropriated to their use, grunting discordantly, and apparently in no very good humor with their companions or the world at large. Most or many of these pigs had been imported from the State of New-York. The drovers set out with a large number and peddle them along the road till they arrive at Brighton with the remainder. William selected four, and bought them at five cents per pound. These poor little porkers were forthwith seized by the tails, their legs tied, and they thrown into our wagon, where they kept up a continual grunt and squeal till we got home. Two of them were yellowish, or light gold color; the other two were black and white, speckled; and all four of very piggish aspect and deportment. One of them snapped at William's finger most spitefully, and bit it to the bone. All the scene of the Fair was very characteristic and peculiar,—cheerful and lively, too, in the bright, warm sun. I must see it again; for it ought to be studied.

In 1842, Mr. Hawthorne married, and became an occupant of the venerable old Manse in Concord, to which modest dwelling he has given fame in his charming volume written in that tranquil retreat. His love of rural life, which had been subjected to rather a severe strain by his experience at Brook Farm, revives in the new-found Eden. In the mid-summer of that year, he writes:

The natural taste of man for the original Adam's occupation is fast developing itself in me. I find that I am a good deal interested in our garden, although, as it was planted before we came here, I do not feel the same affection for the plants that I should if the seed had been sown by my own hands. It is something like nursing and educating another person's children. Still, it was a very pleasant moment when I gathered the first string-beans, which were the earliest esculent that the garden contributed to our table. And I love to watch the successive development of each new vegetable, and mark its daily growth, which always affects me with surprise. It is as if something were being created under my own inspection, and partly by my own aid. One day, perchance, I look at my bean-vines, and see only the green leaves clambering up the poles; again, to-morrow, I give a second glance, and there are the delicate blossoms; and a third day, on a somewhat closer observation, I discover the tender young beans, hiding among the foliage. Then, each morning, I watch the swelling of the pods, and calculate how soon they will be ready to yield their treasures. All this gives a pleasure and an ideality, hitherto unthought of, to the business of providing sustenance for my family. I suppose Adam felt it in Paradise; and, of merely and exclusively earthly enjoyments, there are few purer and more harmless to be experienced. Speaking of beans, by the way, they are a classical food, and their culture must have been the occupation of many ancient sages and heroes. Summer-squashes are a very pleasant vegetable to be acquainted with. They grow in the forms of urns and vases—some shallow, others deeper, and all with a beautifully scalloped edge. Almost any squash in our garden might be copied by a sculptor, and would look lovely in marble, or in china; and, if I could afford it, I would have exact imitations of the real vegetable as portions of my dining-service. They would be very appropriate dishes for holding garden-vegetables. Besides the Summer-squashes, we have the crook-necked Winter-squash, which I always delight to look at, when it turns up its big rotundity to ripen in the Autumn sun. Except a pumpkin, there is no vegetable production that imparts such an idea of warmth and comfort to the beholder. Our own crop, however, does not promise to be very abundant; for the leaves formed such a superfluous shade over the young blossoms, that most of them dropped off without producing the germ of fruit. Yesterday and to-day I have cut off an immense number of leaves, and have thus given the remaining blossoms a chance to profit by the air and sunshine; but the season is too far advanced, I am afraid, for the squashes to attain any great bulk, and grow yellow in the sun. We have muskmelons and watermelons, which promise to supply us with as many as we can eat. After all, the greatest interest of these vegetables does not seem to consist in their being articles of food. It is rather that we love to see something born into the world; and when a great squash or melon is produced, it is a large and tangible existence, which the imagination can seize hold of and rejoice in. I love, also, to see my own works contributing to the life and well-being of animate nature. It is pleasant to have the bees come and suck honey out of my squash-blossoms, though, when they have laden themselves, they fly away to some unknown hive, which will give me back nothing in return for what my garden has given them. But there is much more honey in the world, and so I am content. Indian corn, in the prime and glory of its verdure, is a very beautiful vegetable, both considered in the separate plant, and in a mass in a broad field, rustling and waving, and surging up and down in the breeze and sunshine of a Summer afternoon. We have as many as fifty hills, I should think, which will give us an abundant supply. Pray Heaven that we may be able to eat it all! for it is not pleasant to think that anything which Nature has been at the pains to produce should be thrown away. But the hens will be glad of our superfluity, and so will the pigs, though we have neither hens nor pigs of our own. But hens we must certainly keep. There is something very sociable and quiet, and soothing, too, in their soliloquies and converse among themselves; and, in an idle and half meditative mood, it is very pleasant to watch a party of hens picking up their daily subsistence, with a gay chanticleer in the midst of them. Milton had evidently contemplated such a picture with delight.

The Notes are brought to a close in 1853, just before his departure for England to take charge of the American consulate in Liverpool. A striking passage forms the last entry in his journal. "I burned great heaps of old letters and other papers, a little while ago, preparatory to going to England. Among them were hundreds of ——'s letters. The world has no more such, and now they are all dust and ashes. What a trustful guardian of secret matters is fire! What should we do without fire and death?"

It is seldom that so frank and full a record of the inmost life of an eminent author is displayed before the public eye. Nor is it often that the private feelings of a man of strongly marked character will bear such an exhibition before the light of day. But every disclosure in these volumes tends to enhance the high and admirable reputation of Mr. Hawthorne. In point of literary execution they are no less worthy of his name than if written expressly for publication. They have the same inimitable felicity of expression which gives such fascination to every production of his pen. But their interest is chiefly derived from the fidelity with which they reveal the qualities of a rare and peculiar nature. With unconscious artlessness they present Mr. Hawthorne to a wide circle in the light in which he was known and loved among the few who enjoyed the intimacies of his friendship. His writings will be read with a keener zest after this personal introduction to their author. With a soul so truthful, so free from guile, with charities so much larger than his sympathies, and with supreme generosity of purpose in union with an almost eccentric sensitiveness, his character as a man will share the admiration which has been so freely accorded to his works. The volumes have been edited by an affectionate and careful hand, although we think it would have been in better taste to suppress the personal comments on various living characters, which, however adapted to the freedom of a private journal, Mr. Hawthorne himself would have deemed it an indecorum to exhibit to the public.

ABOUT WOMAN, LOVE, AND MARRIAGE.

By F. SAUNDERS. 12mo. pp. 319. G. W. Carleton & Co.

The author of this volume has brought the stores of various reading, and the refinement of a cultivated taste to the illustration of a theme which is rarely treated without poetical extravagance or dainty sentimentality. In his excursions through the wide fields of literature, he has laid his hand on numerous incidents, anecdotes, and personal sketches concerning the relations of the sexes, and collected them in a singularly miscellaneous, but highly attractive offering of fruits and flowers. A slender thread of reflection and comment serves to connect his manifold gatherings in a certain unity; but for the most part the volume is less abundant in original suggestions than in choice passages which have hit the fancy of the compiler, and for which he pleasantly bespeaks the sympathy of his readers.

Mr. Saunders is a decided advocate of matrimony. His faith in woman is strong enough to remove mountains. He sets forth her example as full of admirable lessons to the coarser sex. Her heroic and gentle virtues are described as fraught with persuasive admonitions to man. Yet, he insists that marriage is not essential to a noble expression of her nature. He has no words of reproach or censure even for old maids, but takes the sister of Fielding to task for affirming that "old maids are only mischievous, like monkeys, for want of employment." The slanderous charges that they are prone to scandal, tale-bearing, impertinent curiosity, and carping ill-will, that their hearts are devoted to cats and puppies, to cockatoos and canaries, and even to old china and crockery, he traces to evil-minded persons, crusty old bachelors, and the like whose words are to be taken with many grains of salt. But for a certain kind of old bachelors he entertains a similar charity. "When we encounter a confirmed bachelor, of well-balanced character, kindly in his sympathies and benevolence, and divested of the narrow selfishness which too often characterizes his order, we can hardly find it in our heart to visit his criminal delinquency with great severity."

With regard to "the pleasing malady of love-sickness," Mr. Saunders favors his readers with some edifying remarks. His diagnosis of the attack entitles him to the diploma of a doctor.

The concomitants of the disease are easily discernible, and may be described as follows: absence of mind, scrupulous exactness as to personal appearance, a strange proclivity for lunar observations, a sentimental caste of countenance, loss of appetite, highly nervous excitability, etc. All the moral faculties and feelings seem to succumb to the absorbing passion. The case, desperate as it may appear, is not, however, beyond the reach of cure; the poor sentimental sufferer finds sure relief in the true specific—matrimony. That is the panacea for all the Protean forms of this universal complaint, which, in its most virulent stage,—like typhus fever,—tends to insanity, and plays such fantastic tricks with our poor human nature.

He does not dispose of the metaphysics of the case so easily. Admitting that it is no less natural to fall in love than to breathe, and that the custom is not likely to incur the fate of many of the time-honored usages which "the advanced minds of our modern civilization have demolished," he professes himself unable to solve all its mysteries.

Falling in love is a serio-comic business; for instance, a student leaves college, covered with academic honors, and not a stir in his affections, excepting for his kith and kin; but a fair maiden passes him on his way, and straightway he loses his heart—the victim of a glance from a sunny face. A learned metaphysician, apparently lost to all externals, by his abstract studies, walks out from his library, and his eye is suddenly arrested by the vision of a little satin shoe tripping most daintily along; and this grave embodiment of severe learning is also made a ready captive to Cupid's maneuvers. Again, a redoubtable Son of Mars,—full panoplied for the fight, and panting only for victorious fame,—enters the gay saloon, in a foreign clime, where he meets a Spanish brunette of sixteen summers, who captures his brave heart and makes it surrender with a simple twirl of her fan. Who shall give us a mathematical demonstration of the mystery? Cupid is indeed a casuist,—

"He is versed in occult science,
In magic and in clairvoyance."

The Hibernian was in earnest, if not in haste in his love-suit, for a beauty, when he told her he could get "no sleep o' nights for dhraming ov her!"

Leaving the abstrusities of the subject, he indulges in the relating of some lively anecdotes, perhaps not all of the latest brand, which throw light on the ceremony of courtship. Here is one of a nameless savant.

A geologist, once, traveling in a stage-coach in England, happened to sit opposite to a lady; glances were exchanged, and mutual admiration seemed to be the result. Eye language was soon exchanged for verbal conversation; after a few interchanges about fossils and petrifactions, they began to talk about living subjects, from generalities to specialities—from the third person plural to the first person singular. Said the gentleman, "I am still unmarried;" quoth the lady, "So am I;" said the former, "I have sometimes thought of marrying;" the latter responded, "So have I." Then a pause ensued: "Suppose," said the gentleman, "we were to marry one another—I would love and cherish." "I," said the fair one, "would honor and obey." In two days they were married. Few will admire such a precipitous courtship; it is altogether too abrupt.

The history of Cobbett's courtship is well-known from his naive autobiographical confessions, but it loses nothing by repetition.

When he was a sergeant-major in a regiment of foot, he fell in love with the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, then in the province of New-Brunswick. He had not passed more than an hour in her company when, noting her modesty, her quietude, and her sobriety, he said—"That is the girl for me." The next morning he was up early, and almost before it was light passed the sergeant's house. There she was on the snow, scrubbing out a washing-tub. "That's the girl for me," again cried Cobbett, although she was not more than fourteen, and he nearly twenty-one. "From the day I first spoke to her," he writes, "I had no more thought of her being the wife of another man than I had thought of her becoming a chest of drawers."

He paid every attention to her, and, young as she was, treated her with all confidence. He spoke to her as his friend, his second self. But in six months the artillery were ordered to leave for England, and her father with them. Here was indeed a blow. Cobbett knew what Woolwich was, and what temptation a young and pretty girl would be sure to undergo. He therefore took to her his whole fortune, one hundred and fifty guineas—the savings of his pay and overwork—and wrote to tell her if she did not find her place comfortable to take lodgings, and put herself to school, and not to work too hard, for he would be home in two years. It was not, however, till the end of four years that Cobbett got his discharge. He found his little girl a servant of all work, at five pounds a year, in the house of a Capt. Brisac; and, without saying a word about the matter, she put into his hands the whole of the hundred and fifty guineas unbroken! What a beautiful episode. What kindly pure trust on both sides.

The following cases are in another kind.

We have read somewhere of an ingenious stratagem, devised by a French lady of fortune, for securing a true husband. She kept herself very secluded from society and gave out a report that she was frightfully ugly,—as a counter-influence against her well-known wealth. As she was not accessible personally to her suitors, they, of course, had recourse to their *billets-doux*; and among these, one from Belgium pleased her fancy, and to his missive she replied. An interview was accorded, and the fortunate suitor proved to be a man of fortune also, and of noble character. When they met in her saloon, the lady wore a mask; she warned him not to risk his happiness by allying himself with one so deformed in face and feature.

He replied, "Well, accept my hand; never unmask but to the eye of your husband:" so charmed was he with her sweet eloquence and grace.

"I consent," she replied,—"I shall survive the appearance of affright and disgust—perhaps contempt—you may feel—after marriage."

"I will not shrink from the proof," said he, "it is your heart, and not your figure, that charms me."

In a few days their marriage took place; and notwithstanding his refusal to accept it, the whole of her fortune was settled upon him. Returning from the altar, she threw herself on her knees, before her husband, and placing her hand upon her mask, lifted it, exclaiming,—"You have not deserved deformity, you merit the love of beauty." And a vision of angelic beauty now stood before him! Nicholas, the Emperor of Russia, won his bride in a singular way; yet it had a spice of gallantry in it. During a visit to the King of Prussia, one day, while at dinner, the Emperor rolled up a ring in a piece of bread, and, handing it to the Princess Royal, said to her in a subdued voice,—"If you will accept my hand put this ring on your finger." This is the Imperial way of "popping the question." She took no time to deliberate, but suffered her heart to speak the truth at once; and their happy nuptials were soon consummated.

Our readers must not suppose that Mr. Saunders always affects the humorous vein in his treatment of the subject. On the contrary, although his book for the most part, is what may be called light reading, he sometimes diverges into grave discussions, which are always marked by sobriety and good sense, without becoming tedious by their frequency or solemnity. His previous collections have won a good deal of favor by their aptness and point, and the present work published after a long interval, will be found to possess the same attractive qualities.

New Publications.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1869.

The "HOME MAGAZINE" will continue to maintain the high ground of literary excellence that has given it such long and favorable regard with the people. It will publish, during the next year:

A SERIAL STORY, by T. S. Arthur, entitled "The Grahams and the Armstrongs," to begin in January.

A SERIAL STORY, by Virginia F. Townsend.

SIX NEW TEMPERANCE TALES, by the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room."

A SERIES OF ORIGINAL ACTING CHARADES, by an American Lady.

Besides a large variety of original STORIES, POEMS, SKETCHES, and USEFUL and INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES from the pens of our best writers.

FASHIONS.—A great variety of Illustrations of Fashion, with descriptions of the prevailing styles of dress, will be given in every number. Also patterns for needle-work and fancy articles.

TERMS.

$2 a year in advance.

1 copy, three years in advance	$5 00
3 copies, one year	5 00
4 copies, one year	6 00
8 copies, and one to getter up of club	12 00
15 copies, and one to getter up of club	20 00

PREMIUM FOR CLUBS.—Every one sending a club, as above, will receive a copy of "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," an elegant $2 50 Engraving.

Specimen numbers 15 cents.

SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.—For 35 subscribers at $2 each, we send "THE BARTRAM & FANTON" $50 Sewing Machine. For 40 subscribers at $2 each, we send "THE EMPIRE FAMILY," double thread $60 machine. Address T. S. ARTHUR & SONS, Nos. 809 and 811 Chestnut-st., Philadelphia, Pa.

DUFF'S MERCANTILE COLLEGE, NO. 37 FIFTH AVE. PITTSBURGH, PA. has just published DUFF'S NEW SYSTEM OF BOOKKEEPING. Elegantly printed in colors by HARPER & BROTHERS, New-York. pp. 400. Crown 8vo., $3 75. Postage 35 cents.

The first American work that fully illustrates the accounts of MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, JOINT STOCK COMPANIES, RAILROADS, NATIONAL BANKS and PRIVATE BANKERS.

"Undoubtedly the most elaborate and carefully prepared text book upon Bookkeeping accessible to the student."—[Boston Journal.
"It has brought Bookkeeping to perfection."—[Baltimore American.
"Includes all the latest improvements."—[Richmond Whig.
"Altogether a remarkable book."—[Philadelphia City Item.
"The best book upon this subject."—[Philadelphia Press.
"The most complete treatise extant."—[St. Louis Republican.
"The most perfect now before the public."—[Albany Express.
"It may be the salvation of many business men."—[Jewish Messenger.

To these important improvements in business education we have added our NEW EDUCATIONAL ENTERPRISE, combining our long-tested class instruction, with comprehensive exercises in real business (the first of the kind in America) in our new Commission Warehouse. The process is fully detailed in our NEW 16 PAGE DOUBLE QUARTO CIRCULAR, with fac simile engravings of our Penmens' writing. Report of the New-York Chamber of Commerce, &c., mailed free by P. DUFF & SON, Principals, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FREE.—Rules for playing Whist, Euchre, Boston, Chess, Poker, and all games of Cards. Rules for any game, and our Mammoth Illustrated Catalogue sent to any address, FREE upon receipt of 4 cents to pay postage, &c. Address CRAWFORD & DAVIDSON, No. 30 John-st., N. Y.

"RENEW! RENEW!"—The Weekly Tribune, $2, and THE PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, $3, sent a year for $4, by S. R. WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New-York.

WILLIAM MASON & E. S. HOADLY'S NEW METHOD FOR PIANO-FORTE. THE LATEST AND BEST.

1. It interests the pupil, and induces earnest and careful practice.
2. It secures thorough progress, leading to formation of correct habits from the beginning; grounding the pupil in the theory as well as practice of the art.
3. It induces rapid progress by its philosophical method, and new and attractive exercises and expedients; inciting the pupil to interested and persevering, and therefore effectual practice.
4. It is the easiest book to teach or learn from; being so full, clear and lucid in its explanations, and attractive in its matter and arrangement.
5. Its excellent illustrations are models, ever before the pupil, making matters of greatest importance more clear than words could do.
6. Its new system of Accent Exercises, long used and highly valued by best teachers, but now first systematized and published, is of incalculable value. *Those who have thoroughly tried them will testify to this.*
7. It is the first and only book to present the *technicalities of modern piano-forte playing*, as used by the great pianists of the present.
8. Its philosophical elucidation of the *Art of Fingering* is new and of great practical value.
9. Its selection of Recreations and Pieces is admirable, unexceptionable, artistically and yet in the highest degree pleasing and popular. As a collection of Pieces for recreation and practice, selected with great care by Mr. William Mason, it is worthy a place on every piano-forte. In sheet-music form these gems from the masters would cost several times the price of this book.
10. It is the result of ample and eminently successful actual experience in teaching, all its methods and expedients are those which have proved most valuable in use.

Those who have pupils whom they find it difficult to interest should try this book. Price $4. Two editions; one with *American Fingering*; one with *European Fingering*. Published by MASON BROTHERS, No. 596 Broadway, New York; No. 154 Tremont-st., Boston.

WOODWARD'S COUNTRY HOMES. 150 Designs, $1 50, post-paid. Geo. E. Woodward, Architect, 191 Broadway, N. Y. Send stamp for catalogue of all new books on Architecture.

25 CENTS.—Now is the time to subscribe to "MAPLE LEAVES," the best, the most popular and the cheapest Monthly published. Each number contains matter of interest and importance to everybody. 25 cents will pay for it from now to the end of 1869. Sample copies sent on receipt of stamp to pay postage. Address O. A. ROORBACH, No. 102 Nassau st., N. Y.

New Publications.

UNUSUAL ATTRACTIONS! LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. AMERICAN AND ORIGINAL.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1869.

The Third Volume and Second Year of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION will commence with the Number for January, 1869; and it is the intention of the Publishers that the Magazine shall not only maintain the HIGH LITERARY REPUTATION which it has acquired during the first year of its publication, but that it shall be indeed still more valuable, attractive, and entertaining.

The Publishers, encouraged by the great success and marked approbation which the Magazine has already gained, have made liberal arrangements for the future. Their object will continue to be, to present to the American Public a Monthly Magazine of the HIGHEST CLASS, thoroughly National in its tone, and treating the questions of the day in a philosophical and statesmanlike manner. Each number will contain a large proportion of light reading, together with articles of a more thoughtful class.

The January Number will contain the opening chapters of a BRILLIANT AND ORIGINAL AMERICAN NOVEL, written expressly for this Magazine, which will be entitled BEYOND THE BREAKERS. A STORY OF THE PRESENT DAY.

SHORT ORIGINAL TALES, and Sketches by the best authors, will appear in each Number, together with Sketches of Travel, History, and Biography; Essays, Papers of Wit and Humor; Articles on Popular Science, Finance, and Education; Poetry and Miscellanies.

Our Monthly Gossip and Literature of the Day will add variety and interest to each Number.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE, and secure the opening chapters of the new and entertaining Serial Novel.

TERMS OF LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

Yearly Subscription, $4. Single Number, 35 cents.

CLUB RATES per annum.—Two Copies for $7, Five Copies for $16; Ten Copies for $30; and each additional copy $3. For every Club of Twenty Subscribers, an extra copy will be furnished gratis, or Twenty-one Copies for $60.

Specimen Numbers sent to any address on receipt of Thirty-five cents.

Canvassing Agents wanted in all parts of the United States.

Subscribers will please be careful to give their Post-Office address in full.

A full Prospectus, with Premium List of valuable Books, will be sent on application to the publishers.

Address J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Publishers, Nos. 715 and 717 Market-st., Philadelphia.

GENERAL GRANT'S LIFE.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY HAVE JUST PUBLISHED THE MILITARY HISTORY OF ULYSSES S. GRANT, FROM APRIL, 1861, TO APRIL, 1865. BY ADAM BADEAU, Colonel, and Aide-de-Camp to the General-in-Chief; Brevet Brigadier-General United States Army. WITH A PORTRAIT ON STEEL, AND NUMEROUS MAPS. Vol. I., 8vo. To be completed in Two Vols. Cloth. Price $4. Half Calf, $6 50.

Badeau's Life of Grant is the only one written under the direction or with the concurrence of the General. All its statements and descriptions are thus officially indorsed, and may be implicitly relied upon. This Life has not only the sanction, but the hearty sympathy of Gen. Grant, and is the only one he wishes to stand as a record of his military career.

Sent free by mail to any address in the United States on receipt of the price. D. APPLETON & Co., Publishers, Nos. 90, 92, and 94 Grand-st.

"STAR SPANGLED BANNER." It STILL WAVES. Thousands of new names weekly, four hundred and sixty-three letters in one day, going with a rush; six years established, and no humbug; but a rich, rare, and racy 40-column paper of eight large pages. Seventh volume begins with January, new type, new heading, new illustrations. Crowded full of splendid Stories, Poetry, Dialogues, Wit, Humor, Fun, Sense and Nonsense, Wit and Wisdom, Things Worth Knowing, Magic Made Easy, humbugs exposed. Warranted to save every reader double its price by exposing all new and old swindles. See next number. Full expose of "Dollar Sales" and other matters of the kind. Remember, this is no unreliable concern. The "Star Spangled Banner" has now the largest circulation of any paper in New Hampshire. A Splendid Steel Engraving 19x24 inches, mounted on roller, FREE GRATIS to every subscriber. Only 75 cts. for Engraving (usual price, $3) and paper until 1870. December No. free. Now is THE TIME. Be in time and secure all the papers. EVERYBODY LIKES IT.

A clergyman writes: "I am a minister of the gospel, but am not afraid to laugh. Send me the 'Banner' another year, and consider me a 'life subscriber.'" Another says: "Your expose of swindlers saved me $5 in one month." A former soldier says: "In the army, in 1864, your 'Banner' served to while away many an hour, and now in the mines of Montana we must have it." Clubs of Five, ten, twenty, and fifty are in order. Terms, with splendid engraving on roller tree, and postpaid to every subscriber—Single copy, 75c.; 3 for $2, 5 for $3 25; 10 for $6 25; 20 for $12. SEND SOON. WE KEEP OUR WORD. Money refunded to EVERY one not PERFECTLY SATISFIED. Reader, try it. See Tribune Weekly, but subscribe NOW. SPECIMENS 6 CENTS. Seventy five cents only for a splendid $2 engraving and paper a whole year. Address "STAR SPANGLED BANNER," Hinsdale, N. H.

EXIT OF CALIBAN AND SHYLOCK.—A Tale of Captive Lady, Knight, Tourney and Crusade. Treats of the woman question in more aspects than any other work of its class.—*Revolution.* Singularly profound, and crammed full of thoughts.—*Banner of Light.* One of the most astonishing and mysterious books ever issued. Original, bold, sometimes brilliant.—*Philadelphia City Item.* Large 8vo., 75 cents, postpaid. AMERICAN NEWS CO., New-York.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA, AND UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY OF HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, BIOGRAPHY, SCIENCE, ART AND LANGUAGE. Over 2,000 Engravings. In Weekly Numbers at 10c. each. Send for specimen number, inclosing 10c. Agents Wanted. T. ELLWOOD ZELL, Philadelphia.

New Music.

YOU'LL SOMETIMES THINK OF ME, New Song ... 30c.
KITTY McGEE, by Henry Tucker ... 35c.
THE EYE THAT BRIGHTENS WHEN I COME ... 30c.
"LIVE IN MY HEART AND PAY NO RENT," ... 30c.
PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM ... 30c.
KAFOOSLEUM" Comic, 35c. "PRETTY LITTLE SARAH" ... 35c.
Handsome as a Rose, 35c. "MY MOTHER-IN-LAW" ... 35c.
Flute or Violin arrangements, 15c. each. Music mailed postpaid.
FREDERICK BLUME, No. 1,125 Broadway, N. Y.

VARIETIES OF CONSTRUCTIVE MATERIAL.

Prof. Ansted, F. R. S., in a paper read before the Royal Institute of British Architects "On the Relations of Geology to Architecture," has presented many points of practical bearing. After speaking of the origin of all rocks yielding constructive material, which may be grouped under three distinct heads, as aqueous, igneous, or metamorphic, he said the mineral composition of rocks is in some cases very simple and evident, in other cases moderately complicated, but easily recognized, in others again, so complex as to need long experience or chemical analysis to determine its nature. As the enduring power of stone, when exposed to certain influences, depends in some measure on mineral composition, this subject is one to which the architect should direct attention. A large proportion of the building material in common use is limestone, more or less pure, and the rest is chiefly sandstone. In the former case carbonate of lime, and in the latter silica is the chief ingredient. Clays unaltered are only used when manufactured into bricks, and the sulphates of lime (gypsum and alabaster) are chiefly adapted for internal use or small ornaments. The granites and porphyries are limited to special uses, owing to their extreme hardness. The varieties of marble may be regarded as varieties of limestone. Slates and slabs, very useful in architecture, and forming a special class of rocks due to metamorphic action, are derived from clay. *Limestones* are simple carbonates of lime, mixed carbonates of lime and magnesia (serpentines) or sulphates of lime. According to their texture, to the cementing medium in the case of the bedded limestones, and in others to the extent of crystalline action or metamorphosis they have undergone, they are available for special purposes. They owe their color to metallic oxides. When semi-crystallized, and having a grain too fine to be recognized, they are marbles of the common kind, gypsum, or serpentine, according to their chemical composition; when perfectly crystallized, they are statuary marbles or alabaster; when the grain can be recognized they are free-stones; when the grain of the stone is mixed with fragments of shell, they are rag-stones, or shell of limestones; when the grain is formed of a multitude of round concentric particles, like the roe of a fish, they are roe-stone or oolites; when the stone is compact, the stratification is evident, and the stones split readily, they are flags. To all these varieties local names are attached in different districts. The limestones in common use in England for architectural purposes are of several distinct kinds, the Portland stones, Bath stones, and many others belonging to the oolites, some marbles of very compact grain, derived chiefly from rocks of the carboniferous system, the mixed carbonates of lime and magnesia almost entirely from the Permian rocks on the borders of Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, and Yorkshire, as magnesian limestone, and some hard varieties of chalk. Elsewhere, especially in the South of Europe, the cretaceous and tertiary limestones are developed into admirable freestones of exquisite color, very compact and almost non-absorbent. In Italy especially, are found the limestones properly called calcareous tufa (not to be confounded with volcanic tufa) derived from the exposure of waters containing a large quantity of carbonate of lime. On evaporation of the water the carbonate of lime is deposited in a form more or less compact according to the material on which it is thrown down, and the slowness of the deposit. Some very useful building materials are thus obtained, but they are limited to those localities where very large quantities of mineral waters run over the surface. In limestone caverns, and in veins in limestone rocks, the irregular drooping pendants or stalactites, the floor called stalagmite, and the lining walls of the veins, are formed in the same way, but the floor is very compact and may be used as marble. Oriental alabaster is of this kind, and it is very abundant in Egypt. The magnesian limestone, generally more crystalline than the oolites are, in proportion to their crystalline state, valuable building materials. They are heavy and hard, but work well. The great objection to their use arises from the extreme irregularity of their composition and texture in the quarry. *Sandstones* are more simple in their composition than limestones, as they vary only in the grain, or magnitude of particles of which they are composed, in the nature of the cementing medium, and in the extent to which they contain foreign impurities. There are no crystalline sandstones adapted for architectural purposes and the metamorphosed sandstones are too hard to be treated as freestones. The color of sandstones is due chiefly to the oxide of iron, which renders them red or yellow according to circumstances. The material of all sandstones is silica. *Clays* will not now be considered in detail. They can only be used for construction purposes when manufactured into bricks. They are all silicates of alumina, varying in quality according to their mineral composition, but the quantity of alumina necessary to form a sound brick is exceedingly small, and the useful proportions are almost indefinite. *Gypsum* and *Alabaster* are pure crystalline sulphates of lime in somewhat different mechanical conditions. They are neither of them in the state in which stone is originally deposited. They are found sometimes in veins and sometimes in bands or nodules of large size. Among the very useful materials to the countries where it is abundant, should be mentioned *soapstones* (silicates of magnesia), which, in their quality of resisting fire, are excelled by none. America yields them very largely, and at a moderate cost. They are found in Cornwall, but large blocks for building cannot be obtained of uniform quality, and in sufficient quantity to be used extensively. The grit-stones of the carboniferous system are the best stones that can be used for fire-proof buildings. *Granites* of all kinds belong to the class of metaphoric rocks. They were certainly not deposited as they now are, nor were they brought to their present condition by any action of mere heat. Originally, perhaps, of mechanical origin, they have been rendered crystalline by long-continued chemical action, assisted by intense heat and enormous pressure, while in the interior of the earth. In this way have been produced not only the peculiar state of the mass of the rock, but the fissures, and their varied contents, the veins of metalliferous, and other matter that penetrate them, and all the changes they induce in other rocks adjacent. Rocks of this kind are double silicates. *Slates*, once thought to be crystalline rocks, have been produced from clay by mechanical pressure. The fissile character can be given to wax, or to any other substance whose particles are sufficiently minute, and all the varieties of color and texture, all degrees of fissile nature, all the peculiarities of hardness and resistance may be distinctly traced to the mechanical cause of the phenomenon. It requires however a careful examination of slates in the quarry, and some habit of examining slate quarries, to appreciate the fact that they are so nearly allied to clay pits, and that so narrow a line separates materials apparently so very different. Nothing will be said here of shales, which are transition rocks between clay and slate, of the limestone flags, such as Stonesfield slate, nor of such paving-stones as the Yorkshire flags. These hardly belong to architecture, though occasionally used in construction. They are of different material, yet are formed in the manner of slates.

From The Atlantic Monthly.

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Watchman, what of the night?—
Storm and thunder and rain,
Lights that waver and wane,
Leaving the watch-fires unlit.
Only the balefires are bright,
And the flash of the lamps now and then
From a palace where spoilers sit,
Trampling the children of men.

Prophet, what of the night?—
I stand by the verge of the sea—
Banished, uncomforted, free,
Hearing the noise of the waves
And sudden flashes that smite
Some man's tyrannous head,
Thundering, heard among graves
That hide the hosts of his dead.

Mourners, what of the night?—
All night through without sleep
We weep, and we weep, and we weep.
Who shall give us our sons?
Beaks of raven and kite,
Mouths of wolf and of hound,
Give us them back whom the guns
Shot for you dead on the ground.

Dead men, what of the night?—
Cannon, and scaffold, and sword,
Horror of gibbet and cord,
Mowed us as sheaves for the grave,
Mowed us down for the night.
We do not grudge or repent,
Freely to freedom we gave
Pledges, till life should be spent.

Statesman, what of the night?—
The night will last me my time,
The gold on a crown or a crime
Looks well enough yet by the lamps.
Have we not fingers to write,
Lips to swear at a need?
Then, when danger decamps,
Bury the word with the deed.

Warrior, what of the night?—
Whether it be not or be
Night is as one thing to me.
I for one, at the least,
Ask not of dews if they blight,
Ask not of flames if they slay,
Ask not of prince or of priest
How long ere we put them away.

Master, what of the night?—
Child, night is not at all
Anywhere, fallen or to fall,
Save in our star-stricken eyes.
Forth of our eyes it takes flight,
Look we but once nor before
Nor behind us, but straight on the skies;
Night is not then any more.

Exile, what of the night?—
The tides and the hours run out,
The seasons of death and of doubt,
The night-watches bitter and sore.
In the quicksands leftward and right
My feet sink down under me;
But I know the scents of the shore
And the broad-blown breaths of the sea.

Captives, what of the night?—
It rains outside overhead,
Always, a rain that is red,
And our faces are soiled with the rain.
Here, in the seasons' despite,
Day-time and night-time are one,
Till the curse of the kings and the chain
Break, and their toils be undone.

Christian, what of the night?—
I cannot tell; I am blind,
I halt and hearken behind.
If haply the hours will go back
And return to the dear dead light,
To the watch-fires and stars that of old
Shone where the sky now is black,
Glowed where the earth now is cold.

High-priest, what of the night?—
The night is horrible here
With haggard faces and fear,
Blood, and the burning of fire.
Mine eyes are emptied of sight,
Mine hands are full of the dust,
If the God of my faith be a liar,
Who is it that I shall trust?

Princes, what of the night?—
Night with pestilent breath
Feeds us, children of death,
Clothes us close with her gloom.
Rapine and famine and fright
Crouch at our feet and are fed;
Earth where we pass is a tomb,
Life where we triumph is dead.

Martyrs, what of the night?—
Nay, is it night with you yet?
We, for our part, we forget
What night was, if it were.
The loud red mouths of the fight
Are silent and shut where we are.
In our eyes the tempestuous air
Shines as the face of a star.

England, what of the night?—
Night is for slumber and sleep,
Warm, no season to weep.
Let me alone till the day.
Sleep would I still if I might,
Who have slept for two hundred years.
Once I had honor, they say;
But slumber is sweeter than tears.

France, what of the night?—
Night is the prostitute's noon,
Kissed and drugged till she swoon,
Spat upon, trod upon, whored.
With blood-red rose-garlands dight,
Round me reels in the dance
Death, my savior, my lord,
Crowned; there is no more France.

Italy, what of the night?—
Ah, child, child, it is long!
Moonbeam and starbeam and song
Leave it dumb now and dark.
Yet I perceive on the height
Eastward, not now very far,
A song too loud for the lark,
A light too strong for a star.

Germany, what of the night?—
Long has it lulled me with dreams;
Now at midwatch, as it seems,
Light is brought back to mine eyes,
And the mastery of old and the might
Lives in the joints of mine hands,
Steadies my limbs as they rise,
Strengthens my foot as it stands.

Europe, what of the night?—
Ask of heaven, and the sea,
And my babes on the bosom of me,
Nations of mine, but ungrown.
There is one who shall surely requite
All that endure or that err;
She can answer alone;
Ask not of me, but of her.

Liberty, what of the night?—
I feel not the red rains fall,
Hear not the tempest at all,
Nor thunder in heaven any more.
All the distance is white
With the soundless feet of the sun.
Night, with the woes that it wore,
Night is over and done.

The Weekly Tribune.

NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 18, 1868.

FARRAGUT'S VOYAGE.

The extraordinary honors paid the American Admiral in nearly every country of Europe were not only personal compliments, prompted by the brilliancy of his exploits, but testimonies at the same time of the respect with which our position among nations is regarded by the people of the Old World. The events of the last seven years have proved the United States to be not merely a great industrial nation, but a formidable military power, and have brought more closely to the attention of foreign governments the possible influence of America in the settlement of those great national problems upon which the eyes of Europe are so anxiously fixed. We have shown how powerfully physical and intellectual growth are stimulated by free institutions; how thoroughly compatible is political liberty with national strength; how capable is a republican organization of resisting attack from without and rebellion within; and how the happiness and general welfare of the individual citizen increase in even pace with the national importance. At this moment, when the populations of Europe are agitated with preparations for great political changes, the example of America acquires a particular significance. The friendship of America is now something worth striving for. American ideas and American principles are gradually permeating the middle and working-classes of society, who, as they feel their power in the state expand, look eagerly toward that country where the people are supreme, and where their rule has accomplished such magnificent results. In England, where constitutional changes are now most imminent, this feeling is so strong that no administration could keep in office which did not pursue toward this country a just and friendly policy.

Admiral Farragut is a distinguished representative of the genius of our people—one of the best of the men who have raised the United States to their present position; and it was natural that he should be greeted with enthusiasm by the masses abroad and with respect by their rulers. And in addition to this his personal character has everywhere obtained a generous appreciation. With much of the traditional heroism of the sturdy sea-kings, he combines the modesty and quiet dignity of the true gentleman. He has shown that republicans are not always toadies when they go abroad, and that our real representative men are not those who degrade themselves by embracing the enemies of their country for the sake of making a pleasant impression. While our minister at London is winning the hearty dislike of his countrymen and calling forth the rebukes of Englishmen themselves by his junketings with the only foreigners whom he ought particularly to avoid, it is gratifying to feel not only that the dignity of the nation has been upheld so worthily by a gallant American gentleman, but also that it is to him and not to Mr. Reverdy Johnson that Europe will turn for a sample of our public men and an exhibition of the spirit of the nation.

THE HOWLAND WILL CASE.

The decision of the United States Circuit Court in Boston in the celebrated Howland will case will disappoint a great many persons who expected it to settle one of the most curious and interesting points of evidence ever brought before an American bench. Miss Sylvia Ann Howland of New-Bedford died in 1865, leaving property valued at about $2,200,000, and a will in which she bequeathed half of it to her niece, Miss Hetty Robinson (now Mrs. Edward H. Green), and the other half to various friends, servants, and public charities. Miss Robinson thereupon produced an earlier will, under which she would have obtained the whole estate, and demanded that the later one should be set aside, on the ground that it was in violation of a contract entered into between herself and her aunt. By this contract, Miss Howland and Miss Robinson, it was averred, had made a mutual agreement touching their respective wills, the aunt to leave all her property to the niece, and the niece all her own (amounting to several hundred thousand dollars) to her heirs, or failing heirs, to public charities. The object of this bargain was to keep all the money of both ladies out of the hands of Miss Robinson's father. The suit was brought in the form of a complaint by Miss Robinson against the residuary legatees; and the answer of the respondents was, first, that no such contract as she alleged had ever been made; and secondly, that a material part of the will which she produced was a forgery.

It was upon this second point that the principal interest of the trial depended, the argument of the respondents being not that the signature to the page of the will in question was unlike Miss Howland's, but that it was too marvellously like the signature to the other page to have been produced in any other way than forgery by tracing. The evidence on this question was exhaustive. The signatures were indeed shown to be precisely alike, and not only were all the best known experts examined as to the unprecedentedness of such a resemblance, but a most interesting exposition of the theory of probabilities was obtained from a distinguished mathematician—a rare instance of the application of the higher mathematics to the proceedings of courts of law. The Court has taken a year to determine the case, and now decides that there was no contract such as Miss Robinson avers, and her complaint consequently falls to the ground, forgery or no forgery. The second part of the respondents' answer is consequently passed over, and the genuineness of the disputed document is left unsettled.

Apart from the peculiarities which we have mentioned, the case has also attracted a great deal of notice on account of the wealth and eccentric habits of the complainant. Having a large fortune of her own, and over $1,000,000 from the admitted will of her aunt, and being married to a gentleman whose fortune is said to be $5,000,000 or $6,000,000, she is in no immediate danger of starvation, and all accounts agree that she is not likely to waste any of the millions that the Circuit Court has left her.

QUEST OF PLACE.

There is something of military severity in the orders which the President elect is said to have given to his secretary, Gen. Badeau. There is no reason why a gentleman in Gen. Grant's position should be mercilessly and, it may be, fatally bored before his time; and in the stringent measures which he has taken to protect his life, we recognize a kind of drum-head court-martial, which is sometimes the only remedy for pervading nuisances. If it were necessary to save the country, that applications for office should be instantly considered, regardless of consequences, no doubt Gen. Badeau would read and write himself into his grave, and Gen. Grant would cheerfully ponder himself into the sepulcher. But no such mortal promptness is required. Meanwhile, it is proper to consider the real nature of office-holding—a subject, we need not say, which will engage the principal attention of the country for the next four or five months. An opinion generally prevails which we are inclined to consider slightly erroneous. It is thought, whereas certain men are needy and certain other men are greedy, that governments are instituted for the sole purpose of clothing the naked and of feeding the hungry. During the perils and passions of a Presidential canvass, a great number of men do an immense number of things which are supposed to be extremely beneficial to the country. They make speeches. They assist in National, State, District, County, and Town Conventions. They carry nominations for this person or that. They also carry elections for this candidate or the other. Sometimes they have their heads broken at the polls; sometimes they have their noses fractured or their eyes blackened in primary meetings; sometimes they damage the heads or the ribs of many warriors upon the other side; sometimes they so neglect their own for the public business that they fall into a lamentable insolvency; but as all these sufferings are undergone for the benefit of the country, one does not readily see why, if they are patriots, their labors should not be their own exceeding great reward. They all professed, during the storm of the battle, to be working solely for the salvation of the Republic; but when the victory has been won they bring in their bills. They go to Washington, and they establish themselves upon the field. They have bushels of recommendations in their pockets. They haunt lobbies. They pervade vestibules. They button-hole honorable members. They borrow money in little sums or in large. They are so well known that Senators and Representatives and Secretaries bar their doors against them and flee from their presence. They are an acknowledged nuisance, and yet they are a nuisance which it seems impossible to abate.

Is it necessary, this quadrennial scrambling? The Government unquestionably wants a Collector of Customs in New-York, and it also wants a Postmaster in Baldwinsville. Now the main point is not the eminent services of some New-Yorker, or the distinguished sufferings of somebody in the other village, but the ability and honesty of the candidates for either office. Bear in mind that according to their own profession the lobby-haunters were entirely disinterested in their struggles for an endangered land, and you will see that at any rate they have no claims merely upon the party; and yet, during the whole adjustment of this complicated derangement of the public service, we hear of nothing but claims, claims, claims, as if the Administration had borrowed something and was refusing to pay. It should be, once for all, understood that the Administration owes nothing of the kind to anybody. It is simply right that in its general policy it should conform to the opinions of the party which elected it. In order to effect this, so far as a great many offices are concerned, it is necessary to appoint men sharing the opinions of the Washington Government. Some such line must be pursued to save it from embarrassment. But it is under no obligation to appoint to place incompetent or dishonest men simply because they have been unusually active and prominent in the Presidential canvass; and yet how many apply for office with no other qualification except that they have been eager and industrious partisans! If better men can be found for the places, with only the drawback that they have been a little less eager and industrious members of the party, why, in the name of common sense, should confidence be withheld from them?

The main point, it seems to us, should be to have the public business well done. There may be, although their existence is hardly probable, forlorn and God-forsaken communities in which no honest Republican can be found for Postmaster, and in such case we should certainly be in favor of intrusting the management of the mail-bags to some honest Democrat, who would be prompt and not pilfer letters. It would be a very bad thing for the country to have it understood that under no circumstances of personal ability or official integrity is a Johnsonized Democrat to be kept in office if so much as a Demoralized Republican can be found to take his place. If, in the main, the places must go to the men of the party as we suppose they must, is there no way of avoiding the fuss and the scramble, the maneuvering and intriguing, the personal feuds and fightings, the grab and the greediness, which the Fourth of March has so often witnessed in Washington? This is a very difficult question to answer; but it is plain enough that nothing can be gained by repealing existing laws. If the Tenure-of-Office law will perhaps save Gen. Grant's life, why should it not remain undisturbed? If Presidents are to be generally bored to death by the impecunious and the empty-bellied howling about the White House for pap, and making a continual teaze and trouble, we warn the country that, much as men usually love place and power, it will be found before long that no person of ability or self-respect will take an office, the holding of which must abolish his privacy and destroy his comfort, and diminish his self-respect, and make him either a madman, a driveling idiot, or a coffined corpse.

HOW OUR NATIONAL TAXES COMPARE WITH OUR RUM TAX.

The Democratic party delight to expatiate upon the "load of taxation under which the "people are groaning" by reason of the National Debt. They cannot magnify it enough, nor paint its horrors in too vivid colors. Yet this party are everywhere the champions of "Free Rum," which taxes the country every year to an amount exceeding the whole principal of the National Debt. Let us look at the figures. Commissioner Wells reports to Congress, from the official and sworn returns of the retail liquor dealers of the United States, that the value of the liquors retailed by them over their counters and drunk when sold is as follows:

AMOUNT OF SALES OF RETAIL LIQUOR DEALERS.

New-York	$246,617,520	Vermont	$6,766,065
Pennsylvania	152,663,495	Kansas	8,503,856
Illinois	119,933,045	Louisiana	48,021,730
Ohio	154,734,875	Tennessee	20,283,635
Massachusetts	27,979,675	Georgia	25,328,465
Maryland	40,561,020	Virginia	26,132,905
Missouri	64,627,855	Alabama	23,025,385
Indiana	81,418,690	Texas	21,751,250
California	69,924,090	South Carolina	10,010,025
Kentucky	50,223,115	North Carolina	13,234,340
Wisconsin	43,318,845	West Virginia	8,806,235
Michigan	52,784,170	Arkansas	7,858,520
Iowa	35,682,695	Delaware	3,770,365
Connecticut	35,001,230	Mississippi	4,493,305
New-Jersey	42,408,740	Oregon	4,261,240
Maine	9,257,015	Nevada	4,838,735
Rhode Island	10,234,240	Nebraska	3,290,515
New-Hampshire	12,679,175	Colorado	3,748,215
Minnesota	14 394,970	The Territories	14,169,400
Dist. Columbia	10,370,450		
Total			$1,483,491,855

The mere value of the liquors drunk by the people in one year in the United States is, therefore, nearly Fifteen Hundred Millions of Dollars, or three-fifths of the National Debt. As the amount of taxes paid by the retailers is proportionate to the amount of their sales, we might safely assume that the real quantities sold are much larger, but we are content with the retailers' own figures. But this is not all. In the manufacture of this amount of liquor it is safe to estimate that the materials used, including corn, rye, potatoes, hops, and other crops, and the labor, are worth fifty per cent of the liquors produced. This leaves the distillers and brewers a net profit of one hundred per cent on their active capital invested every time it is used, which surely ought to be enough, as they can "turn" their capital four or five times in a year. If this estimate be correct, there are destroyed or consumed in making these liquors $750,000,000 worth of grains of various kinds, potatoes, grapes, hops, and labor—i. e., this value of these articles is deducted from the sum total of the useful industry of the country, and contributes in no degree to its support. The rye consumed in making whisky would have made bread, and its withdrawal from the supply of rye for bread makes every loaf of bread dearer. So of the other grains. Adding the value of the food products and labor which are withdrawn from all useful channels and practically destroyed in the manufacture of spirituous liquors, we find the total destruction of values amounts to $2,250,000,000 per year, or considerably more than the interest-bearing portion of the National Debt.

But this is not the entire taxation which the people pay to sustain "Free Rum." To arrive at the grand total we must still add the loss to the labor, health, and industry of the people which results from its consumption. Scientific research has shown, and scientific men substantially agree, that Alcohol contains no nutritive principle whatever; that it acts while in the system like ether, chloroform, or any other poison, to derange the healthy action of mind and body; that all men, without exception, can endure more heat or cold, more labor or exposure, more deprivation and pain, more mental or physical toil, without it than with it; and that it is no sooner taken than lungs, stomach, skin, intestines, and every other organ of the body combine in a common effort to expel it. Indeed, the only instance in which its utility is clearly proved is when poison has been introduced into the blood, as by a snake-bite for instance, and it is necessary to saturate the system with some antagonistic poison equally venomous.

While the benefits of this vast waste of wealth are thus reduced to the minimum no limit can be assigned to the evils resulting from its consumption in the form of liquors. Twenty-five cents' worth of these fluids may unfit a man for business; fifty cents' worth may place his entire property at the disposal of a swindler, and seventy-five cents' worth may cause him to murder his wife, his parents, or his children. But merely the time wasted in intoxication, and the destruction of property resulting from the carelessness and crimes of intoxicated persons, may be estimated at $300,000,000 per annum, and even this is far below the truth. This brings our annual taxation for "Free Rum" up to $25,000,000,000, or considerably more than the entire principal of the National Debt. In other words, if there were no spirituous liquors drunk in the United States the people would save enough thereby to pay off the entire National Debt within one year. The people of Great Britain, France, Prussia, Austria, and Russia could do the same with their respective debts. Is it not strange that the Democratic party should feel so grievously the burden of the National Debt, which taxes the entire population of the United States less than one cent per head per day, while they unanimously support Free Rum, which taxes the same people $1 75 per head per day.

LITTLE SEAL-SKIN.

BY E. KEARY.

The Fisherman walked up the hill,
His boat lay on the sand,
His net was on his shoulder still,
His home a mile inland.
And as he walked amongst the whin
He saw a little white seal skin,
Which he took up in his hand.
Then "How," said he, "can this thing be?
"A seal-skin, and no seal within!"
Thus pondered he,
Partly in fear,
Till he remembered what he'd heard
Of creatures in the sea,—
Sea men and women, who are stirred
One day in every year,
To drop their seal skins on the sand,
To leave the sea and seek the land
For twelve long hours,
Playing about in sweet sunshine,
Amongst the cornfields, with corn-flowers
Wild roses and woodbine;
Till night comes on, and then they flit
Adown the fields, and sit
Upon the shore and put their seal-skins on,
And slip into the sea, and they are gone.

The Fisherman stroked the fur
Of the little white seal skin,
Soft as silk, and white as snow,
And he said to himself, "I know
"That some little sea-woman lived in
"This seal skin, perhaps not long ago.
"I wonder what has become of her!
"And why she left this on the whin,
"Instead of slipping it on again,
"When all the little sea-women and men
"Went hurrying down to the sea!
"Ah! well, she never meant
"It for me,
"That I should take it. But I will,
"Home to my house upon the hill,"
Said the Fisherman, and home he went.

The Fisher dozed before his fire,
The night was cold outside,
The bright full moon was rising higher,
Above the swelling tide.
And the wind brought the sound of breakers higher,
Even to the hill-side,
When suddenly
Something broke at the cottage-door,
Like the plash
Of a little wave on the pebbly shore,
And as water frets in the backward drain
Of the wave, seeming to fall in pain,
There came a wailing after the plash.—
The Fisherman woke, and said, "Is it rain?"
Then he rose from his seat,
And opened his door a little way,
But soon shut it again,
With a kind of awe;
For the prettiest little sea-woman lay
On the grass at his feet
That you ever saw:
She began to sob and to say
"Who has stolen my skin from me!
"And who is there will take me in!
"For I have lost my little seal-skin,
"And I can't get back to the sea."

The Fisherman stroked the fur
Of the downy white seal-skin,
And he said, "Shall I give it her?
"But then she would get in,
"And hurry away to the sea,
"And not come back to me,
"And I should be sorry all my life,
"I want her so for my little wife."
The Fisherman thought for a minute,
Then he carried the seal-skin to
A secret hole in the thatch,
Where he hid it cleverly, so
That a sharp-sighted person might go
In front of the hole and not catch
A glimpse of the seal-skin within it.
After this he lifted the latch
Of his door once more,
But the night was darker, for
The moon was swimming under a cloud,
So the Fisherman couldn't see
The little sea-woman plainly,
Seeing a fleck of white foam only,
That was sobbing aloud
As before.
"Little sea-woman," said the Fisherman,
"Will you come home to me,
"Will you help me to work and help me to save,
"Care for my house and me,
"And the little children that we shall have?"
"Yes, Fisherman," said she.

So the Fisherman had his way,
And seven years of life
Passed by him like one happy day;
But, as for his sea wife,
She sorrowed for the sea alway,
And loved not her land life.
Morning, and evening, and all day,
She would say
To herself—"The sea! the sea!"
And at night, when dreaming,
She stretched her arms about her, seeming
To seek little Willie,
It was the sea
She would have clasped, not he—
The great sea's purple water,
Dearer to her than little son or daughter.
Yet she was kind
To her children three,
Harry, fair Alice, and baby Willie;
And set her mind
To keep things orderly.
"Only," thought she,
"If I could but find
"That little seal-skin I lost one day.
She didn't know
That her husband had it hidden away;
Nor he,
That she long'd for it so.

Until
One evening, as he climbed the hill,
The Fisherman found her amongst the whin,
Sobbing, saying, "My little seal-skin—
"Who has stolen my skin from me!
"How shall I find it, and get in,
"And hurry away to the sea!"
Then "She shall have her will,"
Said he.

So
Next morning, when he rose to go
A fishing, and his wife still slept,
He stole
The seal-skin from that secret hole
Where he had kept
It, and hung it on a chair,
Saying, "She will be glad to find it there
"To-day
"When I am gone,
"And yet
"Perhaps she will not put it on,"
He said, "Nor go away."
In sleeping his wife wept;
Then the Fisherman took his net,
And crept
Into the chill air.

The night drew on—the air was still,
Homeward the Fisher climbed the hill,
All day he thought, "She will not go;"
And now "She has not," pondered he,
"She is not gone," he said. "I know
"There is a lamp in our window,
"Put ready on the sill
"To guide me home, and I shall see
"The dear light glimmering presently,
"Just as I round the hill.
But when he turned, there was no light
To guide him homeward through the night.
Then "I am late," he said,
"And, maybe, she was weary
"Looking so long for me.
"She lays the little ones in bed
"Well content,
"In the inner room, where I shall find her,
"And where she went,
"Forgetting to leave the light behind her."

So he came to his cottage door,
And threw it open wide;
But stood a breathing space, before
He dared to look inside.
No fire was in the fireplace, nor
A light on any side;
But a little heap lay on the floor,
And the voice of a baby cried.
Rocking and moaning on the floor,
That little heap
Was the children, tired with crying,
Trying to sleep,
Moaning and rocking to and fro;
But Baby Willie hindered the trying
By wailing so.

Then "Wife! wife!" said the Fisherman,
"Come from the inner room."
There was no answer, and he ran
Searching into the gloom
"Wife! wife! why don't you come!
"The children want you, and I've come home!"
"Mammy's gone, Daddy," said Harry,
"Gone into the sea;
"She'll never come back to carry
"Tired Baby Willie
"It's no use now, Daddy, looking about;
"I can tell you just how it all fell out.

"There was a seal-skin
"In the kitchen—
"A little crumpled thing;
"I can't think how it came there;
"But this morning
"Mammy found it on a chair,
"And when she began
"To feel it, she dropped
"It on the floor—
"But snatched it up again and ran
"Straight out at the door,
"And never stopped
"Till she reached the shore.

"Then we three, Daddy,
"Ran after, crying, 'Take us to the seat
"Wait for us, Mammy, we are coming too!
"Here's Alice, Willie, can't keep up with you!
"Mammy, stop—just for a minute or two!'
"But Alice said, 'Maybe
"She's making us a boat
"Out of the seal skin cleverly,
"And by and by she'll float
"It on the water from the sands
"For us.' Then Willie clapt his hands
"And shouted, 'Run on, Mammy, to the sea,
"And we are coming. Willie understands.'
"At last we came to where the hill
"Slopes straight down to the beach,
"And there we all stood breathless, still,
"Just clinging each to each.
"We saw her sitting upon a stone,
"Putting the little seal-skin on.
"Oh! Mammy! Mammy!
"She never said good-bye, Daddy,
"She didn't kiss us three;
"She just put the little seal-skin on
"And slipped into the sea!
"Oh! Mammy's gone, Daddy—Mammy's gone!
"She slipped into the sea!"

MEXICO.

A JOURNEY TO THE PYRAMIDS—THE VILLAGE CHURCH—CROPS AND FLOWERS—THE CAVE SYSTEM—LABOR AND ROBBERY—HOW TO FIGHT THE LADRONES—MAXIMILIAN'S CYPRESS—PEASANT FUNERALS—THE CHILDREN—A NIGHT AT THE MESON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

SAN JUAN TEOTIHUACAN, Sept. 6.—The other day, coming here from Tepespam, a railroad station 20 miles from the city capital, our wagon stopped at Aclatonga. This was not to water horses, for water is not handy in these dry little pueblos, but to give our driver a chance to drink pulque, which in Aclatonga must be excellent, as it is the center of a maguey hacienda 13 leagues round and about. The driver had furthermore to perform his business as a moving post-office by taking a letter or two from ranchero or hacendado, small farmer or big farmer. Meanwhile I entered the village church-yard, which, like most of its kind, is bounded by thick walls and niched on the inner side. A few half-effaced slabs laid flat on the ground denote a style of burial different from the wall sepulture common to the pantheons in the city. The niches contain a few old bones thrown up by the sexton in antiquarian diggings to serve for warning to sinners. The little church has the common belfry tower of Mexico, and, if I remember right, a front somewhat like a Bishop's hat, stuck with a small image of the Virgin; but what is most remarkable about it are its interior figures and paintings. One of these is St. Jago de Compostella, who, seated like death on the pale horse, holds the host in one hand and the sword in the other, and appears ready to slash conversion right and left among the hearts of the heathen. Above the fierce St. James is a rude picture of one of the events attending the Crucifixion, and this is pinned or nailed over with a score of rosettes, the Indian's tribute to religious art. On the pulpit side of the church's single aisle is an old litter, fitted round with tin lanterns, evidently for the purpose of illuminating a figure of Our Lady, which used to be carried in procession along with an equestrian statue of St. James the rash. Our Lady, in wax and satin, decorated with gold, presides over the altar. The Mexican church has always the virtue of accommodating rich and poor alike within its mere walls, and of course the parochia of Aclatonga has no seats at all to its old tiled floor. I learn that the little church was anciently dedicated to the Virgin of the Candlestick; but how to describe this mood of the blessed maid I do not know.

Our drive to the Teotihuacan, which is but a few leagues from the village, was as pleasant as it should be in the delightful sun and sky of a Mexican morning and with a boundless view of the magueys. Bright and curious flowers were upon the wayside; lobelias, trompetillas, mustard weeds, convolvuli, and a compensito, squat little flower, yellow, common as our Northern clover, and called here the cockseye. But probably the finest sight about a Mexican farm at this hour, speaking of vegetation, is a field of ayocotes, the famous big bean of the country, with its magical concert of red blossoms. The crops in the plain between here and Tepespam are very fair, so far as we see them in the ranches. Vegetables are plenty; beans and peas various and abundant; soil good enough, I am told, to yield two crops in a year, one of wheat and the other of corn. But one tilling is needed to give good crops of alfalfa or Mexican clover, for five or six years ahead. The lateness of the rain this year has been a drawback to corn, which is still promising. The fertility of Mexican soil is a common story, and I see no reason to doubt it. Volcanic regions are usually rich, and that of Mexico affords undeniably a great variety of elements and of crops. The table land of Anahuac is benefited above all, by a sun, the genial charm and fructifying heat of which are memorable to travelers. The immigrant and the plough might do still more for both ground and crops; but the special need of Mexico is by no means agricultural. It has a large excess of farming compared to all other industries. The markets are glutted with grains and fruits. Corn is a speculation in dry or late seasons, and I have been told is seldom very profitable till then. At such times more money is made from maize than anything else, so few, by the way, are the subjects of active speculation in this country of many fruits and few industries. Grains grow as plentifully on the plateau as one can wish; barley takes the place of oats for horses, and yields finely; and with no great cultivation the farmer can easily fill his market. Down in the temperate tierra around Orizava may be seen fields of barley leagues in length. Compare its agricultural to its other needs, and I think it will be seen that the country is badly off for want of a variety of labor and of immigration. The grains and fruits of Mexico will supply at least twice its present population, yet with all this capacity a large mass of the people are abject and aimless for want of something better to do. Out of the country's rank abundance of peasantry and agriculture, the thistles, darnels, and vizcagas of a vicious life spring up with impunity. It is not so easy to starve in Mexico, but dreadfully easy to stagnate; and when humanity enters into this act of inaction, there is the old danger of fermentation—fermentation which pronounces itself as decidedly as pulque, and in such corrupt syllables as Marquez, Santo Anna, Negrete, and the vermin of thieves, big and little, who have vexed this war-worn Republic. That the greatest of these thieves seem to be utterly done for is, perhaps, the best sign we can make out of the hour. Passing cross-roads the village teamster is good enough to point out for us the place where a robber was shot some days ago; no proof, however, that the San Juan country is pestilent on this account. Its neighbor, Otumba, boasts an entire exemption, and I have not heard that San Juan has ever been terrorized, even while haciendas 20 miles down the road were put to sack. Proof of the latter case is my companion of travel, whose face has scarce recovered from a terrible wound inflicted in the cowardliest manner by one of the gang of Noriega, who invaded a hacienda near Zampoala, killed two or three of its inmates, carried off the hacendado, and bore him to a cave in the mountains, where he was fed on tortillas till ransomed. Five cities claimed Homer dead; but more than five villages may lay claim to Noriega living, robbing, and killing. At Huasca, they told me, he belonged to the place; at Regla, the silver hacienda owned him; now my driver, remarks, as if he knew all about it, that it was Don Antonio's wife who lived at Huasca, though she was born at Velasco; in short, that Don Antonio Noriega was born in the ancient and holy town of San Juan Teotihuacan, whither our pilgrim wheels are rolling. Two more places may lay bold to the bad carcass of his fame; Velasco, where he and his band took an old man out of jail and shot him for killing a robber in the attempt to save his daughter; and a hill near Pachuca where he surprised an Austrian garrison, and put it mercilessly to the sword. So much for the romance of robbery, wearing silver buttons and half dollars down its legs, and silver embroidery on jacket and saddle cloth, in such brave fashion that the richest of the robber hands are called "plateados," or silvered men. Our driver tells us that he bears with him a letter for a neighboring hacendado, calling for a force of 15 men, which is to be raised from the haciendas around; and the character of some gossip on the road between our whipster and a guardsman of the farm does not permit us to believe that he is intensifying our interest in affairs of the road in order to increase his profits. Nevertheless, the guard of 15 is a fair sign rather than an ominous one just now. If any farmers have been spiritless and helpless in their ill-reasoned dependence upon Government, they are those of the State of Mexico. It is possible for a very slim band of thieves to work serious mischief, so long as the farms are unpoliced. Were the farmers to join together with the same enterprise as the thieves, we should hear of less highway robbery; and their act would have this virtue: that it would present a counter-employment to robbery in existing numbers of the poor. I have seen enough to convince me that, so long as the hacendados allow themselves to be paralyzed, the poor of the villages are terrorized, there are no opinions, every one suspects his neighbor; absent robbers are spoken of with respect, and the importance attaches to them which belongs to public-spirited men. The banditti take the place of the police. Why should they? I have only to say that intelligence travels in Mexico so slowly, for want of railroads and telegraphs, that it is hard for the people to understand the Government and each other; outlaws may do considerable mischief before the people know what to do. Now that the Government has put down the more menacing class of troubles, let us hope that a general movement against robbery will be stimulated. I have said that the question just now appears to be a serious one of police rather than revolutions; but no one is blind to the truth of experience: that robbery unchecked is revolution.

One other consideration this subject of robbery merits. I have seen, since I came to the San Juan country, a number of caves, and my guide thereto echoed the common suspicion and belief that just such caves as these, which in Mexico are numerous, are the haunts and hiding places of the banditti. The case I have given of a farmer carried off to a cave in the hills will suggest what ways the kidnappers or *plagiadores* take to keep their affairs a secret. Mountains and hills, never out of near sight, lend a fascination to robbery in the minds of the vulgar. Even the plains sometimes offer concealment, the deep barrancas therein containing caverns about the origin of which the wild beasts may have known something, or the Aztecs might have left us a legend. Indeed, without this cave and mountain system, which seems to be a back part of the free-masonry of crime in Mexico, robbery would lose its chief strategic supports. For topographical reasons, there is perhaps no country where it is easier to rob, or so difficult to overtake and capture thieves. The Mexican yellow covers make good use of the caves. Gen. Palacio of the Supreme Court has just been telling a story of a daring young woman who has herself been dragged into a cavern, and while the desperate fellow is saying that he cannot bear the sight of her, puts his eyes out with a darning-needle. The maiden might have used a pitchfork and the swain have fared worse; but everybody to his taste. The caves anyhow are bad, and it might be worth while for the Government troops to peep into them. Let no one be unduly surprised at banditism here, for it is as old as the days of the Regency, and was engendered by the murderous policy of Spain, and conserved and systematized by accumulated misgovernment and war. You have read of the King of the Mountains? It is curious how Hadji Stavros and his tribe might have fitted this latitude. But enough said. The cure for the robber evil appears to be employment and immigration fomented by railroad enterprises and a vigorous police.

San Juan, 28 miles from the City of Mexico, is a picturesque small town, situated in a rich plain between the common class of Mexican hills or mountains. Teotihuacan is its ancient name, meaning, if I interpret right, the town of the gods. It was very quiet when we entered it in the morning, not even *Lluvia de Oro*, or Shower of Gold, the name of its pulque shop, presenting a sign of animation. The *meson*, or hotel, wore the same indolence, and it was some time before our host gave us our pick out of a number of rooms, tile floored, uncarpeted, and unwashed, but the best to be had for money. The churches of San Juan are charmingly situated toward the end of a walk of willows and cypresses, where, not far from a garden in which I noticed dahlias and retamas in blossom, was pointed out to me two trees under which Maximilian and Carlotta took an open-air breakfast on their way to the pyramids. Of course they could not manage to make a meal in the town, for hardly can we, who are used to simple fare, but not to manteca, chile, and the like. The trees pointed out were prodigious cypresses, with hollows as roomy as some Indian houses, and doubtless as old as Montezuma's cypress at Chapultepec or the pyramids which we were going to see. At sunset, coming from the pyramids, concerning which a special chapter shall appear, we sought the creek of Teotihuacan in default of more than a glimpse of the curate's clear tank of blue water, hard by the church, whereupon a party of men bearing a coffin and accompanied by two tearless mourners were taking their departure. I have witnessed the same dry, dead scene in other places where death fails to awaken any veritable sensation in hearts that are quite used to him. Contrariwise, I saw a little baby taken to its grave to-day. It was swathed to a board, delicately pillowed and covered lovingly with flowers both real and artificial. The father bore it and a kinsman carried a spade beside it, but other than these were no mourners. Tenderness for very young children is common enough among the Mexican peasantry, but their gypsy life in after years wears out much solicitude and defeats much promise. I have seen many pretty children in Mexico running naked or ragged, like shabby little cupids, or strapped to the backs of their drudging mothers. Not less anxiously and hopefully have I thought of them than of the poor blubbering-faced little black boys spelling out their lessons in the Sea Islands during the war. What will the Mexicans do for their present crop of children? Let them be taught by the ladron rather than the schoolmaster? Surely not, yet I saw some danger in the case of a boy I met in one of the villages, a handsome, gentle lad who purveyed a dinner for us at the mud hovel of a blind mother. His next door neighbor had killed a man in a pulque brawl, and run off to join the robbers. Mexico still wants a Savior, and no infant one. If proof be wanted of his mission only let him have a spelling-book.

We passed an unlucky night at the meson. At daylight two inscriptions were discernable upon the walls, and I suppose must be classed with the archaic curiosities of the place. The landlord spares any undue apprehensions, by assuring us that one of the inscriptions explains the other. The first warns us, "*No duermen en esta cama porque esta morada de chinches,*" or, in other words, "Do not sleep in this bed because it swarms with chinches." The second is underneath the first, and is as follows: "*Aqui murio un desgraciado,*" or, "Here died an unfortunate one." Evidently there had been a stir in the bug republic, and somebody had suffered from these meson thieves. Pulgos, chinches, ladrones, all of the same breed—vermin all of them. K. O'D.

DEATH OF ROSSINI.

Gioacchino Rossini, the greatest composer for the Italian stage since Mozart, died in Paris on Saturday at the age of nearly 77. Although it is many years since he has enriched art with any important work, it cannot be said that he actually withdrew from public life until he quitted the world altogether. The unwavering success with which his best operas have kept the stage, the influence which he has exercised upon musical style ever since the production of his *Tancredi* more than fifty years ago, and the celebrity of his salon in Paris where the representatives of all that was most distinguished in literary, artistic, and fashionable circles were proud to be admitted to do homage to the great maestro, made us forget that Rossini was a composer of the last generation rather than of the present, and that although many years must pass before the mines of wealth which he opened to the writers who came after him can be exhausted, a new style of composition is already beginning to displace that with which he so long ruled the musical world.

Rossini was born in Pesaro, near Bologna, Feb. 29, 1792. Both his parents were members of a strolling operatic company, his mother as a singer, his father as a player on the horn. His musical talent was developed very early, so that before he was 10 years old he was able to accompany his father on the horn, and it is perhaps in part to these youthful studies that we are indebted for the beautiful passages for that instrument which are so conspicuous in several of his operas. It is related that ten or twelve years ago, long after he had given up the practice of composition, the French horn player Vivier played for him at Paris, and Rossini was so touched by the performance that the next day he shut himself up and wrote a rondo of 50 or 60 pages which he dedicated to the artist who had suggested its composition. While he was still a boy he was taught singing by a Bolognese master, and developed a remarkably fine soprano voice. He was a chorister in churches, and chorus master in little provincial theaters until at the age of 16, his voice having broken, he entered the lyceum of Bologna for the purpose of studying counterpoint under the severe and scientific Mattei. He had little patience for the hard details of Mattei's system, and stayed with him only long enough to acquire a knowledge of the simplest rules of harmony; but he gave his days and nights to the study of the best composers, and especially of Mozart, and occupied his leisure with efforts at lyric composition, several of which, written when he was only 16 or 17 years of age, were subsequently given to the world, after they had probably received more or less polishing and improvement. The first considerable work of his in the order of performance, though not, we believe, the first composed, was an operetta called "*La Cambiale di Matrimonio,*" which he wrote for the San Mose Theater in Venice. Its success, though not brilliant, was sufficient to encourage him to persevere, and in 1811 he brought out at Rome one of his earlier works, an opera called "*Demetrio e Polibio,*" which is now forgotten. Speedy oblivion was also the fate of six out of the eight works which he placed on the stage during the next two years. The first of the remaining two, "*L'Inganno felice,*" contains evidence of decided genius, and was well liked in its day; but its day has long since passed. The second, *Tancredi* (1813), placed its composer in the first rank of his profession, and marks an important era in the history of music. It created an almost unparalleled enthusiasm; it found its way quickly into almost every theater in Europe; and its principal airs were heard in every saloon and hummed in every street. The influence of Gluck, which after long opposition had forced itself into Italy, was destroyed in a single day. That severe simplicity of style, that square-cut melodic declamation, that absolute subjection of the form and spirit of the music to the sense and spirit of the text which the great German reformer of the lyric stage had spent a life-time in enforcing—all were forgotten in a moment, as soon as the Bolognese youth showed the world how to combine intense melodic expression with the most elaborate ornament of style. He had studied Mozart to some purpose; but he had too much genius to be a copyist. Mozart's florid style is not his best; the elaborate embroidery with which he sometimes decorates his arias is beautiful and ingenious, but it is too often an excrescence. Rossini found out how to breathe soul into this cold beauty, by making it not a mere decoration of the melody, but a part of the melody itself, and thus his most florid writings are often eloquent with the deepest feeling. He not only pleased the popular ear but he touched the popular heart. He not merely overpowered the school of Gluck for the time, but he gave it a blow from which it has never recovered. "*Tancredi*" as well as "*L'Italiana in Algeri*" composed in the same year, and "*Il Turco in Italia,*" written in 1814, are still performed, but they have been eclipsed by Rossini's later works, among which the "Barber of Seville" (1816) deserves a foremost place. This, without doubt the best Italian *opera buffa* ever written, has been often styled "the champagne of music." Fifty years' frequent repetition have not been able to subdue the effect of its sparkling vivacity, and it is still one of the most popular works in the modern repertory. It was first produced in Rome during the Carnival, and the greater part of it is said to have been written in eight days. The year before this, the young maestro was appointed director of the San Carlo theater at Naples, where within two years he produced no fewer than seven operas. One of these, "Othello," beside being still popular, is interesting as one of the earliest and strongest examples of his forcible style. Another, "Cinderella" (*Cenerentola*), one of the most successful of his florid works, is well remembered in New-York by the performances of Alboni when she first came to this country. A third of the seven was the sprightly "*La Gazza Ladra.*" Close upon these followed his "Moses in Egypt," originally produced as an oratorio (1818), and nine years afterward altered into one of the finest serious operas of the age, abounding with dignity, with grand vocal and instrumental effects, and with the most delicate and graceful melody. In the oratorio form it is a favorite piece for the exercise of musical societies; in its enlarged and greatly improved shape as a sacred opera a fastidious public sentiment has prevented its performance in England (except in some absurd disguise whereby Moses was turned into Peter the Hermit), but it has been admirably represented in New-York, and ten or twelve years ago Susini made a great hit here in the title role, Adelina Patti, Brignoli, and the baritone Ferri being also in the cast. After producing "*La Donna del Lago,*" "*Maometto II.,*" "*Zelmira,*" and a number of minor works, he took leave of the Italian stage in 1823 with an opera more elaborate and gorgeous than anything he had yet composed. This was his magnificent "*Semiramide.*" Its production was attended with circumstances of peculiar interest. He had quarreled with the Venetians the year before over a representation of his "*Maometto,*" which took place in the midst of a tumult almost amounting to riot; his incorrigible indolence, which perpetually disappointed the public of the work he had promised them, and led him to offer, as new operas, repetitions, slightly disguised, of his old compositions, had stirred up a contest in the excitable Italian city, where lyric representations were matters of grave public concern, and the satisfaction or displeasure of an audience was always manifested by uproar. Personal cabals were no doubt also at work; and from seven in the evening till three in the morning the composer and the unlucky singers were the objects of every conceivable outrage short of personal violence. After a scene like this, Rossini felt the necessity of making his peace by the most careful and brilliant writing of which he was capable. "*Semiramide*" was the result. The beautiful melody in the overture conciliated the impulsive Venetians at once, and as the opera went on number after number was cheered with tumultuous applause, and the same singers who had been hooted the year before shared in the ovation. This was a gratifying close to the maestro's Italian career—a career which had brought him not only a world-wide fame, but we must suppose a respectable sum of money. In the early part of it he had visited all the principal towns of Italy, staying usually three or four months in each, and living in princely style amid the hosts of his admirers. "They allow me barely six weeks," he used to say, "to compose an opera, and during the first four I must take my pleasure. Pray when would you have me enjoy myself if not when I am young?" He dashed off his music at odd moments, after champagne suppers, in his bed of a morning, whenever, in fact, he could steal a moment from dissipation, writing with wonderful rapidity, and never correcting. Hence his compositions are full of technical faults, about which Italian critics made a terrible pother, though the audiences never perceived them. But this rattling, vagabond life was somewhat modified after a while, when instead of earning a beggarly $250 for each opera, he received handsome salaries from the principal theaters of Milan, Naples, and other musical centers.

In the same year that witnessed the production of "*Semiramide*" Rossini married Signora Colbran, a well-known prima-donna who had taken leading parts in a great number of his operas, and in 1824 they went to London under an engagement, he to compose an opera and she to sing. The promised opera, however, was not written, the prima-donna, who was certainly not in the heyday of her charms, did not please, and the lessees of the King's Theater were ruined by their costly importation. Rossini, however, was everywhere feted and caressed; the leaders of fashionable society got up concerts for him at enormous prices of admission, and in the short space of five months he made about $50,000. He was now invited to accept the directorship of the Italian Opera in Paris, where a good salary allowed his indolent nature full indulgence, and he basked for three years in the light of his past fame. He wrote, however, during this time his pleasant French opera, "*Le Comte Ory,*" and worked over the unfortunate "*Maometto*" into the successful "Siege of Corinth," beside producing the new and enlarged "Moses in Egypt," of which we have already spoken. There were many who thought the prolific genius had exhausted its resources, and it was probably under the stimulus of a waning reputation that he at length brought forth, in 1829, his last and noblest opera "William Tell," a work full of his characteristic graces, yet so broad and elevated in its effects, so rich in its instrumentation, so intellectual, so delicate, and so clearly and charmingly rhythmical that it seemed like a new musical revelation. Perhaps it was well for Rossini's future fame that he was lazy enough to rest here in the very zenith of his powers. The applause of the whole of Europe could not tempt him to write another work for the stage, he declared that he could not excel what he had already done, and was content to be judged by posterity as he stood. Yet "William Tell" at first was not a marked success—indeed was very nearly a failure; and it was not until the revolution of 1830 put the people into the patriotic spirit of the drama, and the tenor singer Duprez gave adequate interpretation to the music, that Paris knew what a magnificent composition he had presented to it. The discovery, however, came too late. Rossini had already quitted the direction of the theater in August, and withdrawn into an indolent retirement at Bologna. He had been appointed "Inspector-General of Singing" for the Kingdom of France, with the promise of a pension of 6,000 francs in case the office should ever be abolished. It was abolished by the Revolution of 1830, and Rossini, by dint of persevering application, at last obtained the pension. While he was engaged in this business he lived, it is said, in the most wretched manner in Paris, and at the same time was actively enriching his house at Bologna with the rarest and most sumptuous luxuries. The next 15 years he passed principally in this Capuan retreat, suffering a great deal from sickness and nervous disease, and separated from his wife, for whose absence, however, we believe he managed to console himself. Once in a while he visited Paris; but he refused the most liberal proposals for new compositions, and affected horror for the art by which he had made himself illustrious, and a contempt for the reputation in which he used to take a comically ingenuous delight. Once he broke silence with his "*Stabat Mater,*" produced in 1841 but written eight years earlier. It is exceedingly beautiful, but lacks the solemn and ecclesiastical spirit that belongs to the most mournful hymn of the Church, and added nothing to the composer's glory. In 1845, Signora Colbran being dead, Rossini married Madame Olympe Pélissier, and after that time passed most of his days in Paris, where he recovered his youthful gayety, and became the center of an admiring group whom he loved to entertain with jokes and anecdotes and reminiscences of musical history. The visitor at the French capital never felt that he had seen Paris until he had been admitted to Rossini's receptions, where the genial old maestro was sometimes beheld amusing a bevy of ladies, and sometimes passed the evening asleep in his arm-chair, while his wife entertained the company. The best music, by celebrated artists and titled amateurs, was almost always to be heard here, and many a young performer obtained through Rossini's kindness the first recognition of his talents. The French feuilletonists could generally find at Rossini's abundant material for a sparkling paper on social topics, and foreign correspondents rarely failed to pick up a sprightly anecdote. One story often told of the composer, in his old age, represents him rushing out of his house, bareheaded and in dressing-gown and slippers, and turning the crank of a hand-organ to show the street artist the proper *tempo* of an air from "William Tell." In 1857 a sort of *pasticcio* of some of his youthful compositions was produced at the Bouffes Parisiens, and about two years ago he finished a grand mass which has been performed in Paris, but we believe never published. On the occasion of the 500th representation of "William Tell" last Winter, the artists, orchestra, and chorus of the opera waited upon him in a body, and gave a serenade which partook of the character of a popular ovation. A statue was erected to his honor at Pesaro in 1864, and dedicated with great solemnity, and he received at different times of his life innumerable decorations and similar honors. The catalogue of Rossini's works comprises thirty-eight operas, two or three masses, nine cantatas, and a great variety of miscellaneous music.

TURKEY.

BRIGANDAGE—REVIEW OF TROOPS—AN ENGLISH CHURCH—ROUMANIA.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 22.—The most exciting thing we have just now is brigandage. Some months ago Lefter was killed, and everybody said we shall have safety awhile. Then sprang up the band of Manote. Five of them were soon nabbed, sent to Constantinople, tried, condemned to death, and last week they were sent away to be executed—one at Madonia, one at Ghemlek, three at Broosa. One died on the way and the rest were hung. But now another band has started up and is operating near Nicomedia. One Turkish and one Armenian Tchorbodgie has been carried off by them and redeemed, and many have paid contributions to insure themselves. If you have money, the best way to do is to treat with the chief brigand for immunity at so much, say £50 or £100 a year. This Nicomedia band has been driven away but the Turks will go to sleep soon and the band will turn up somewhere else.

Last Saturday there was a grand review at which the little son of the Sultan commanded. The troops really made a fine appearance. They were so variously reported, at 3,000, 4,000, and 5,000 men, that I should take the mean as near the truth.

Roumania gives Turkey a thorn in the side. She foments and forms bands to pass over into Bulgaria and raise the people. It is all through Russian intrigue. Turkey is taking more energetic measures to stop this, and has demanded the consent of the "signatory powers."

The Memorial Church, a little Gothic edifice costing the enormous sum of £22,000, was consecrated to-day by the Bishop of Gibraltar and other English clergy. The Bishop gave some side hits at Missionaries, and praised and blessed the Oriental churches

The Weekly Tribune.

NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 18, 1868.

TERMS OF THE TRIBUNE.

DAILY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, $10 per annum.
SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, $4 per an. Five copies or over, $3 each; 10 copies, $45.
WEEKLY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, $2 per annum. 5 copies, $9; 11 copies, $15; 21 copies, *to one address*, $25; 21 copies, *to names of subscribers*, $27; 51 copies, to one address, $50; 51 copies, *to names of subscribers*, $55.

Advertising Rates.

DAILY TRIBUNE, 25c., 30c., 40c., 60c.; and $1 per line.
SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE, 25 and 50 cents per line.
WEEKLY TRIBUNE, $2, $3, and $5 per line.
* According to position in the paper.

Terms, cash in advance.

Address, THE TRIBUNE, New-York.

THE TRIBUNE IN PARIS.

Messrs. Bowles Brothers & Co., No. 12 Rue de la Paix, are our agents in Paris, to receive subscriptions and advertisements for THE TRIBUNE.

THE GRANT FRAUD.

The largest aggregate vote ever polled in this State, prior to the present month, was that of 1864, when Lincoln received 368,735, McClellan 361,986: together 730,721. The vote for Governor in 1866 was—Fenton 366,315; Hoffman 352,526: together 718,841. The vote of last year stood —McKean (Repub.) 325,090; Nelson (Dem.) 373,029: together 698,128. The State was polled out as clearly in 1864 as it could be, and very nearly so in 1866.

Such were the data whereon, after a careful survey of the field, we concluded that New-York could not be carried against Gen. Grant by legal votes; and we now reiterate that it could not and has not been. We said, after hearing from judicious Republicans in every quarter, "We shall give Gen. Grant not less "than 400,000 votes; and that is more than all "the legal votes that can be polled against "him. He can only be beaten here by frauds "so enormous as to defy all calculation."

	Total Vote 1864.	Total Vote 1868.	Increase: Grant over Lincoln	Increase: Seymour over McClellan
Albany	23140	26217	1931	1146
Allegany	[illegible]	9378	315	262
Broome	8143	9612	724	716
Cattaraugus	9081	10021	647	293
Cayuga	11942	13141	727	472
Chautauqua	12603	14828	687	449
Chemung	6401	7417	417	599
Chenango	9585	9968	323	60
Clinton	[illegible]	7321	742	162
Columbia	10110	10994	478	420
Cortland	6046	6191	99	46
Delaware	9546	9900	324	30
Dutchess	13844	15691	1000	847
Erie	26431	30224	2780	1013
Essex	5888	5730	383	†14
Franklin	4676	5607	564	327
Fulton & Hamilton	5859	6073	405	†189
Genesee	6803	7101	653	75
Greene	6984	7401	360	57
Herkimer	9294	9455	259	†98
Jefferson	14434	14303	†171	40
*Kings	46564	66985	6848	13573
Lewis	5989	6650	334	327
Livingston	8133	8288	243	†88
Madison	9930	10434	284	220
Monroe	19310	21701	1470	912
Montgomery	7427	7790	461	†98
New-York	110390	156018	11097	33960
Niagara	9126	9814	280	408
Oneida	22964	23869	545	360
Onondaga	19709	21873	1659	504
Ontario	9398	9945	373	174
Orange	13417	16005	1344	1244
Orleans	6213	6350	149	†12
Oswego	15031	15671	769	†129
Otsego	12198	12642	417	27
Putnam	3061	3285	114	110
Queens	9684	11361	689	988
Rensselaer	18530	20932	1228	1174
Richmond	4438	5510	927	145
Rockland	3732	4628	421	475
St. Lawrence	14912	15829	1024	†107
Saratoga	10624	11702	527	551
Schenectady	4572	4796	210	14
Schoharie	7671	8020	414	†65
Schuyler	4469	4811	195	147
Seneca	5947	6094	127	20
Steuben	13912	15108	548	648
Suffolk	8332	8774	284	158
*Sullivan	6508	6085	†110	†313
Tioga	6769	7514	543	178
Tompkins	7514	7546	†72	104
Ulster	14666	16568	1144	758
Warren	4568	4950	312	70
Washington	9863	10723	441	319
Wayne	10514	10727	200	13
Westchester	16962	21308	2034	2312
Wyoming	6691	6817	103	23
Yates	4729	4886	100	57
Total	730721	848278	51378	67021
Grant over Linc'n.		51378		
Seym'r over McC.		67021		

* Not Official. † A Decreased Vote.

Seymour has gained upon McClellan's vote more than Grant has gained upon Lincoln's in the Counties of Broome, Chemung, Jefferson, *Kings, New-York*, Niagara, *Queens, Rockland*, Saratoga, Steuben, Tompkins, *Westchester*—12 in all—and in no others. The remaining 48 Counties give larger gains to Grant on Lincoln's vote than Seymour has made on McClellan's vote. The Counties we have placed above in *Italics* compose this City and its suburbs, and they give Seymour a net gain over McClellan's vote of 30,119. In all but these five Counties, Gen. Grant has a net gain on Lincoln's majority over Seymour of more than Ten Thousand.

—The above table shows just how and where the People of New-York were swindled out of their choice for President—in this City and its suburbs. Gen. Grant has gained more on Lincoln's vote in a majority of the Counties than Seymour has gained on McClellan's vote; and the vote of those Counties is plainly honest and fair—the increase since 1864 being no more than was to be expected. But the vote of this City and its suburbs has been swelled in enormous disproportion to the increase of their population—swelled by voting the same men over and over six to twenty times, and making voters illegally, by means of forged Naturalization Certificates, out of men who have just landed from Europe. Thus, and thus only, have New-York and New-Jersey been made to record a verdict which they never gave—a verdict in favor of Seymour, Slavery, Secession and their sympathising mourners. Believing in a God of Omnipotent Justice, we confidently trust that this gigantic villainy will yet recoil on the heads of its authors and cover them with the infamy they merit.

The Committee appointed by the Union League Club to investigate the frauds in the recent election in this State have drawn up an Address to the People, in which they tersely recapitulate the principal facts in the conspiracy against free institutions: the wholesale manufacture of false certificates of naturalization; the fraudulent registration of persons who had no right to vote, and the names of men who were not in existence; the frauds of repeaters; the frauds in stuffing the ballot-boxes and counting the votes; the secret circular issued by the Democratic State Committee in the name of Mr. S. J. Tilden; the proclamation of Mayor Hoffman; the terrorism at the polls, and the illegal interference with challengers and inspectors. They rightly urge that, if we rest quietly under wrongs like these, there is no security for the safety of the Republic. Violation of the sanctity of the franchise strikes at the very foundation of the political fabric. If not for our own sakes, at least for the future of our country, we are bound to put forth every effort to obtain redress for the past and security for the time to come. It may be, as our adversaries declare, that frauds have been committed on both sides. So much the more reason why both sides should join in trying to ferret them out and punish them. So much the more reason why the investigation should be strict. If both parties are corrupt, our danger is greater than if the corruption were confined to one.

The immediate purpose of the Committee is to collect evidence from all parts of the State, but especially from this City and Brooklyn, with a view to such action as their legal advisers may hereafter indicate; and they invite all who are able to coöperate with them to give what help they can, either in money or in information. They hope that their labors will result in satisfying Congress that the reported majorities for Seymour in this State were so fraudulently procured that the electoral vote of New-York ought not to be counted. Throwing it out of course would not affect the choice of President, but it would be a safeguard against frauds in future elections. The Committee believe that they can also furnish evidence of such extensive frauds and illegal practices in the voting for Governor that the majorities reported for Mr. Hoffman will be overcome, and the election awarded by judicial decision to Mr. Griswold. And finally they will seek from Congress and the Legislature such protection as may be necessary against a repetition of the wickedness by which the honest voters of New-York have been virtually disfranchised.

We earnestly entreat every man who can help along this most important work to do his best. Let every one who knows of a fraudulent vote cast on the third of November, or a man wrongfully naturalized, or a voter intimidated, or a challenger illegally interfered with, send a brief statement of the facts, with his name and address, to Mr. John H. White, No. 238 Broadway. Especially is it important to get every possible clue to the men who have been concerned in *procuring* bogus papers and illegal votes. We can well afford to let the poor dupes and tools who cast the ballots go free, if we only reach the chief criminals who concocted the infamous scheme. Finally, money contributions to the fund for carrying on the investigation may be addressed to Moses H. Grinnell, No. 52 Wall-st.

NATIONALIZING THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

In the Convention which framed our Federal Constitution, Alexander Hamilton proposed a clause securing the Right of Suffrage, so far as regards the choice of Representatives in Congress, to every free male adult citizen of the United States. The proposition was not adopted, as with many other excellent suggestions from the same and kindred sources. Col. Hamilton was in advance of his age. Hardly a defect which he pointed out in the Constitution adopted has not since been proved such by sad experience; hardly a peril which he apprehended has since failed to be realized; while, of the provisions actually adopted, a large proportion owe their existence or their perfection to his eminent prescience.

An effort, we hear, is meditated to perfect and adopt a Constitutional Amendment, defining and fixing the conditions of the Right of Suffrage throughout the Union. We hope it may be made and may prevail; but we warn those who engineer it that they will fail if they make it one-sided and partisan. We ardently desire the complete Enfranchisement of the Blacks; but a measure looking to this end alone will encounter a resistance too formidable to be overcome. It may and probably will command in Congress the requisite two-thirds of each House, but it will not be ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States. The following, at least, will be found adverse:

NEW-JERSEY,	OHIO,
DELAWARE,	MISSOURI,
MARYLAND,	CALIFORNIA,
GEORGIA,	OREGON—8.

We include Missouri, because that State has just voted, by a large majority, that her own Blacks shall *not* be enfranchised; as Ohio and Kansas voted last year.

The Legislatures which must act on this question are yet to be chosen in New-Hampshire, Connecticut, and many if not most of the Southern States; and it is not probable that *all* of them can be carried for enfranchisement. We must not weight our friends too heavily in the elections at hand, under the exhaustion and languor which naturally follow a momentous, desperate struggle. They cannot stand it.

But make your proposition broad and comprehensive—enfranchise *all* who are now disfranchised because of Rebellion as well as Color—and we may confidently hope that Virginia, Mississippi, Texas, with possibly Maryland and Kentucky also, will vote to ratify. Not merely to remove the ban from the Rebels of West Virginia, Tennessee, &c., but to enable them to send to Congress the men of their choice rather than those whom Congress will accept, they may be induced to give such a measure a hearty support.

We propose no truck and dicker—no compromise. We urge the Enfranchisement of the Blacks because it is just, beneficent, and wise; we urge the Enfranchisement of the Rebels for the same reason. There are men among them, who deserve no favor, as there are Blacks (and Whites, too) incapable of exercising intelligently the Right of Suffrage; but we cannot adapt general provisions to individual cases. If it be deemed essential to swear every person thus enfranchised not to use his restored right to deprive others of the same, just set your swearers at work; but we do not think it necessary. There are Free States that long held out against Black Enfranchisement—as, indeed, several still do; but we cannot recollect a single instance of a State enfranchising her Colored Men after an earnest struggle, and afterward disfranchising them. Enfranchisement, once fairly carried over organized resistance, is carried forever.

We hope and trust that any adjustment that may be resolved on may provide efficient safeguards against the flagrant abuses in Naturalization now common. Our plan would be substantially as follows:

1. Restrict Naturalization to U. S. Courts and Commissioners.

2. Print official records of the names of all persons naturalized, with the date of their Naturalization respectively.

3. Allow any foreigner who swears that he is now an actual resident of the United States, expects to remain so, has committed no crime other than rebellion or treason, and tenders a hearty, exclusive allegiance to our Union and its Constitution, to become a citizen at any time without exacting a preliminary residence or declaration of intentions.

4. Accord the Right of Suffrage to every person who has been naturalized not less than eighteen months, and who swears that he has meantime committed no crime known to our laws.

5. Punish as felony the manufacture or use of illegal Certificates of Naturalization and all voting or attempting to vote by immigrants not qualified as aforesaid.

—Such a Constitutional Amendment, we trust, would be ratified, and would powerfully aid Gen. Grant in securing general and lasting peace.

THE PRESIDENT'S SALARY.

The N. Y. Times urges an increase of the annual compensation of our Presidents from $25,000 to $100,000. It says:

"We proposed some days ago that the salary of the President of the United States should be advanced to what it was 80 years ago. Nominally, it stands now as it was then. But in point of fact—that is, in point of purchasing power—$25,000 is not one-half, if it be any more than one-quarter, as much at this day as it was at the beginning of the century. Take the cost of living now and compare it with what it was then—take the relation of income and expenditure now and compare them with what they then were—and it will at once be apparent that if the President's salary were put at $25,000 when the Government was founded, it ought to be established, to say the least, at $100,000 at the present time.

"The existing rate is not enough, and has not for years been enough, to maintain the President in a proper manner. The President is compelled, by virtue of his position, to incur many expenses that are, more or less of a public nature; and, as things now are, he must either economize, in a small way, upon these, or else he must lose the advantages which they are calculated to give to the public business, the administration, and the country. It is customary for the President, at his discretion and pleasure, to entertain publicly members of both Houses of Congress, the members of the diplomatic corps, important foreign personages and other visitors, and, in fact, many representative individuals whom he would never propose to invite to his table as a private gentleman. These things subtract very largely from the sum that is intended to go to his own personal support, and, if he were to entertain in anything like the style common to thousands of private citizens in all the great cities of the country, he would not only find himself without a dollar to supply his own table, but would soon plunge himself largely in debt."

Comments by The Tribune.

There is much weight in some of the considerations adduced by *The Times*, and we are nowise disposed to belittle them. We admit that $100,000 per annum now would not be a higher salary for our President in 1869 than $25,000 was during Washington's Administration, when our total population was but Four Millions, the demands of the station far less, and the purchasing power of money much greater than at present. In short, we concede, to save time, most of *The Times's* premises. Now hear the other side:

The United States owe a gigantic National Debt. The sum of $2,500,000,000, which is palpable to all, is supplemented by a Pension List of $25,000,000 per annum, by Bounties and Claims yet to be adjusted, by annuities to Indians, &c., &c. We ought to pay not less than $200,000,000 per annum to meet the annual interest and reduce the principal of our Debt; while it is not possible to run the Government at a cost (including Pensions) of less than $100,000,000 more; making $300,000,000 in all, whereof nearly half must be raised by Internal Taxes. *Our* choice would be to raise $400,000,000 per annum, and pay off the last fraction of the Debt within the next twenty years or less; but we have not been able to make Members of Congress regard the matter as we do. Yet we should fearlessly appeal to the People, if a clear issue could be made, in the confident hope that they would vote to be taxed enough to pay off, with frugal management, at least $100,000,000 of the principal of the Debt per annum.

Now, such payment, or *any* payment at all in reduction of the principal of the Debt, involves stringent taxation. We ask the people to bear such taxation, in order to save their grandchildren from the burden of a huge Debt. They cheerfully respond to the appeal. But let them see that their heavy taxes *do not* insure a reduction of the Debt—that the money is used up in higher salaries, larger allowances, &c., &c.—and their shoulders will ache and they become restless under the burden.

The Times, we do not forget, proposes that the President's salary alone shall be increased. But that would prove neither just nor practicable. If the President is to have $100,000 per annum, the Heads of Departments should have not less than $20,000 each; nay, they should have $30,000. Your Secretary of State must sink into a mere clerk if the President is to give sumptuous weekly dinners, while he must be content with a monthly dole of diplomatic bread and cheese. So, measurably, with the rest. To give the President $100,000 and leave his Cabinet officers to vegetate on $8,000, would create more injustice and heart-burning than it would cure. Our Diplomatic salaries, also, would have to be increased.

We are among those who believe that a very considerable reduction of salaries, emoluments, and allowances, is practicable and desirable. We hold that the cost of collecting our Revenue, for instance, is greater than it need or should be. We may not be able to point precisely to the leaks which should be stopped; but we expect much, though we have promised little, from Gen. Grant's Administration in the way of Retrenchment and Reform. But suppose we begin by quadrupling the President's salary, will not the demand for Retrenchment be paralyzed? Will not every subordinate feel and say that it is mean to pare down his $200 to $300 per month, while we put up the President's allowance from $25,000 to $100,000 per annum?

The President is poorly paid. We would gladly see him more liberally dealt with. There is one, and but one, way in which this can be done without paralyzing the effort which should be earnestly made to retrench the cost of running the Government. That way lies through a Resumption of Specie Payments.

THE WHISKY WAR.

I. To all intelligent persons, it is palpable that the Internal Revenue is enormously defrauded, and especially with regard to Distilled Liquors. The imposts on Whisky amount to some sixty-seven cents per gallon; the cost of making it, from grain at current prices, is about fifty cents per gallon; hence, the naked fact that Whisky now sells in this market at $1 00 to $1 08 is conclusive. *Somebody* is defrauding the Revenue; and we belong to that numerous class whose interest is on the side of having this matter "ripped "up" and ventilated. We are not specially hostile to Mr. A. or Mr. B.; we do not pretend to know which thimble the little joker is under; but we do want the money that belongs in the Federal Treasury put there, and not retained to enable distillers to build gorgeous opera-houses, or furnish assessors and collectors with fast trotters. Being on this track, and finding the scent still warm, we do not mean to be thrown off by any art or trick whatever.

II. We do not presume that the Revenue officers here are especially unfaithful; in fact, we judge that there is *more* paid into the Treasury per gallon on the Whisky sold here than the average throughout the country. We are very willing to see it proved that all the cheating is done in the rural districts. If so, we want to learn how the stuff gets into this place, and gets sold here for less than its fair, honest cost. "Let there be light."

III. Mr. John M. Binckley, Solicitor of the Internal Revenue service, came on here some weeks since to look into this mystery. We saw him twice, and concluded that he was in deeper water than was good for him. He seemed a well-meaning man, intent on doing his duty; but fewer words and more shrewdness were absolutely requisite in his position.

IV. Mr. Binckley having returned to Washington discomfited, Judge William Fullerton was appointed in his place—we know not at whose suggestion, but we incline to give the credit to Mr. Evarts. It *is* a credit, we think, to whomsoever may deserve it. Mr. Fullerton long held a high position at the bar of Orange County, and he has since achieved a higher at the bar of our City. When he was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court by Gov. Fenton, last year, no one lisped a doubt of his capacity or his integrity. We never heard a syllable uttered to his prejudice till he accepted this trust, and set to work to discharge its heavy responsibilities.

V. Mr. Andrew Johnson is a man of many faults, but venality is not among them. We knew him in Congress, where men are pretty accurately weighed and measured; he has since filled almost every important station, made many bitter enemies, and waged deadly war against men abler and stronger than himself; yet he has never been even charged with filling his own pockets at the public cost. What reason is there for suspecting him of an improper motive in choosing Judge Fullerton—a well-known Republican—for this work? We can imagine none.

VI. Mr. Fullerton having set to work, symptoms of agitation are soon visible. "Things is "working." There are whispers that Mr. F. is to be indicted for something he did, or said, or advised as counsel in respect to the compromising of a revenue suit, long before he was retained by the President. In due time, we heard (via Washington) that he had been indicted in one of our Courts. Very good! If Mr. F. has done or advised any wrong, let him answer for it. But how does this help our Revenue officers, or those among them whom Mr. F.'s investigations may implicate? We have sadly misjudged Mr. F. if *they* make anything by this bold move, however it may fare with *him*.

VII. We condemn no one. We do not know who are likely to be damaged by the facts which Mr. Fullerton's investigation will develop. But we feel quite certain that investigation was needed, and that its results cannot fail to benefit the public, however they may affect individuals. We may be mistaken in Mr. Fullerton—though that does not seem probable—but we do not see how, even if he be dishonest, he can implicate those who have done no wrong. His report will not be conclusive—it merely opens up a field of inquiry, discussion, and action. So let the good work of investigation go on! If one man shall break down or be bought off, let another, and still another, succeed to his clues and his responsibilities. The abyss which has swallowed so many Millions of what is rightfully public money cannot be absolutely bottomless—its darkest chasms may be irradiated. So courage and onward!

"For none ever feared that the truth should be told,
Save those whom the truth would indict."

THE AMERICAN FLAG IN PARAGUAY.

Mr. Charles A. Washburn, our ex-Minister to Paraguay, has written an extraordinary letter to the Hon. William Stuart, British Minister to Buenos Ayres, from which it appears that when the Paraguayans were about evacuating Asuncion, a number of persons, both natives and foreigners, sought refuge at the American Legation. Among them were several Englishmen, and Senor Pereira, the Portuguese Consul, with his family. President Lopez demanded that all these refugees should be turned away. Mr. Washburn relates how one after another left his roof for an imprisonment which was little else than slavery. He did not turn them out; he only read to them the orders of Lopez, and left them free to act as they saw fit. At last the Dictator demanded that two members of the Legation, Mr. Porter C. Bliss of New-York and Mr. G. F. Masterman, should also be given up to him. "At this point," says Mr. Washburn, "I made a stand." We think it was time. It was but a weak stand, however; and the way our Minister made it was to enter into a long correspondence with Lopez in order to gain time. At last the United States steamer Wasp, which was to carry Mr. Washburn home, arrived at Asuncion. Will our readers believe it?—the Minister of the United States went on board, and allowed the two attachés to be taken by force from his side as they started to go with him; and so he steamed away, leaving them to the certainty of an awful fate at the hands of the enraged Dictator, making no effort whatever to save them, taking no steps to vindicate the outraged sanctity of his office or avenge this insult to our national honor. An American squadron was lying idle in the Brazilian waters; but Mr. Washburn sneaked home like a coward.

By this time we have a new minister in Paraguay, and a man, if we are not mistaken, of a very different stamp. Gen. McMahon has been too good a soldier to brook such outrages patiently, and while he is at the capital of Lopez that ruler will be taught to behave with at least a decent show of respect toward the United States. But the President should at once demand the release of the prisoners taken from the Legation, and a prompt reparation for the insult to our flag; and he should send a sufficient naval force to give his demand unmistakable emphasis. We are not in the habit of suffering such wrongs, and do not mean to be patient under them.

A FORGERY BRANDED.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: On my return home from the session of Nov. 10, I find nearly a hundred Democratic papers from all sections of the Union, sent me by friends, containing a vile and scurrilous speech against foreigners, said to have been delivered by me in 1854 or 1855, and which appears to have been published, simultaneously and by concert, North and South, East and West, in the closing weeks of the recent canvass.

I need not refer to this wicked and malignant libel, now that the election is over, were it not that, having been so extensively published, from Maine to Nebraska, and vouched for as authentic by editors who were supposed to value their character for veracity, some honest persons of one party or the other, whose good opinions I value, might suppose it possibly true.

Allow me, therefore, to say, as I did publicly in this State last month, when this calumny against me first appeared, that it is, *in every word and syllable, a forgery; that I never uttered such sentiments in 1854 nor in any other year*, and that the vulgar and scurrilous language embodied in it never fell from my lips, nor were written by my pen, in that or any other connection, on that or any other theme.

Precisely this same speech was printed by the Democratic papers in this State a number of years ago, and then attributed to Mr. Wilson, who was a Republican candidate for Congress; but, having been thus used with effect in one campaign, it was revamped in the recent canvass, with my name attached to it, by the same Editors, every one of whom knew that it was impossible for me to use such vile language in a speech on any subject.

It will doubtless be used against some other Republican candidate hereafter; and I have felt it therefore a duty to expose its history and its falsity.

Yours truly, SCHUYLER COLFAX.

South Bend, Ind., Nov. 14, 1868.

[*The World* published this villainous forgery, well knowing it to be such, just before the election, crediting it to *The Kentucky Yeoman*. As it probably made a few votes by the fraud, while it had nothing of character to lose, the operation seems to have resulted in a net profit of so many votes.—*Ed. Trib.*]

REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.

From The World.

Representation is simply what its name imports—representation. When, therefore, we find that, in any community, Massachusetts for instance, 176,487 votes are entitled to ten representatives, and yet that matters are so managed that the 48,745 voters who go one way have no representatives at all, and the 126,742 who go the other way have the whole ten, it is evident that this is not representation, but mis-presentation. The thing is not put forth to view as it is. Justice requires that the total of voters be divided by the number of representatives to be chosen, and then to every such quotient, of whatever opinion, one representative be allowed. Were this, which is the true equal rights and not the pinchbeck partisan article, carried out in the above case, counting fractions over half as one, Massachusetts would be represented in the House by three Democrats and seven Radicals, instead of, as now, falsely pictured forth by the whole ten of the latter stripe.

Massachusetts must be reconstructed in this matter, and with her the false principle that leads her monopoly, as it does others.

Comments by The Tribune.

The City of New-York contains about 50,000 Republican voters to not more than 80,000 Democrats. No one will seriously contend that the Republicans are inferior to the Democrats in intellectual or moral fitness for self-government. Yet the City is represented in Congress by six Democrats only, in the State Senate by six Democrats only, in the last Assembly by twenty-one Democrats, and in the next Assembly by twenty Democrats to one Republican. *The World* does not object to this; it regrets only the failure of Massachusetts to elect Democrats to Congress, though her proportion of Democratic voters is much less than that of the Republicans in this City.

THE TRIBUNE is in favor of the representation of *all* the People, whether in Massachusetts, in this City, or elsewhere. To this end, it was proposed, in the late Constitutional Convention of our State, to apportion the State into Senate and Assembly Districts whereof each should choose three Senators or Assemblymen: *each voter being allowed to cast his three votes* (or two of them) *for the same person*, if he saw fit. The consequence would be that every district wherein the political minority should amount to one-fourth of the entire number of voters, would be represented by two members of the stronger and one of the weaker party. Thus, St. Lawrence gives the largest Republican majority of any county in the State, is probably more decidedly Republican than any portion of the State of equal population, and now sends three Republicans (by districts) to the Assembly. Under the proposed system, the Democrats would nominate a single candidate for that county, and would print his name thrice on each ballot voted by them, with this result:

Republican vote (for Grant)	11,883
Democratic vote, 3,941—triplicated	11,823

Here, supposing every man who voted for Grant to have voted also for every one of the three Republican candidates for Assembly, they would all be elected; but there would be no probability of this. No three candidates for a lower office ever each ran fully up to the popular head of the ticket. The result would doubtless be much more faithfully foreshadowed by the vote for Governor, which is as follows:

Griswold's total in St. Lawrence Co.	11,835
Hoffman's do. 4,013 Triplicated	12,039

—electing the Democratic candidate for Assembly over the lowest of the three Republicans.

So in this City: If it were made one Assembly district, the Republicans would nominate but seven candidates, and print the name of each thrice on its ballots. Supposing the Democrats to run a full ticket, and to swindle us atrociously by repeaters and counterfeit Naturalization Certificates as they did at the late election, the return would be nearly as follows:

For the 21 Democratic candidates, each	107,609
For the 7 Republican candidates	47,778×3=143,334

—electing, with 14 Democrats, the 7 Republicans over the 7 lowest Democrats.

This plan would enable almost or quite every citizen to be represented in either House by a representative of his choice, while securing a majority in either House to a majority of the voters in the State.

CUBA.

The fact that the insurrection against Spanish rule in Cuba has not been subdued—about the only fact which is allowed to reach us through the dispatches and other advices vouchsafed us from Havana—invests correlative facts with grave importance. For instance:

I. It is a fact that the rising in Cuba was not prompted by the revolution in Spain, as we formerly supposed. The Cuban rising preceded the Spanish, and was entirely independent of it.

II. It is a fact that the great body of the native planters neither expect nor desire to retain Slavery, no matter what may be their form of government or who may rule over them. They recognize the truth that the overthrow of Slavery in the United States has rendered its perpetuation in the West Indies impossible—that its decease is a question of months rather than years. Some of them rejoice at this; others may regret it; but all comprehend it.

III. It is a fact that the native Cubans are all but unanimous in their ardent desire for independence of Spain, and nearly so in their wish to enter into our Union. Fettered, gagged, hoodwinked, and often garroted or shot for this desire, they cherish it the more intensely and unanimously because of the perils and pains to which it exposes them. Killing another thousand or two more will only render the survivors more emphatic and united in their detestation of Spanish rule.

—The aversion of most Cubans to such rule, no matter under what form, rests on very intelligible grounds. Cuba is about the last colony of a European kingdom that is held on the bad old principle of squeezing from it the last cent that it can be made to yield. Thirty-odd Millions of Dollars per annum are taxed out of it by Spain, to be repaid in part by the array of horse, foot and artillery, required to hold it in subjection to an unmitigated despotism. Those Thirty-odd Millions per annum are paid by Cubans and received by Spaniards—hardly a dollar of them return into any Cuban's pocket. After paying all the expenses of the "Ever Faithful" island, a net profit of Ten Millions is poured into the over-yawning treasury of old Spain. Is it a wonder that Cuba wearies of this unceasing exaction?

Take an instance of paternal rule:

Cuba produces Sugar, Tobacco, &c., in luxuriant perfection, but buys most of the food of her 1,200,000 people. That food would naturally be drawn from the United States; but enormous discriminating duties constrain its importation from Spain. Well: Spain has had a scanty harvest this year, and has no food to spare: what now? *The food is exported from the United States to Spain, and thence reëxported to Cuba*, which receives it charged with the cost and damaged by the taint and sweat of two voyages across the Atlantic! Is it a wonder that Cuba is restless under such a rule?

We do not assume to predict the result of the present rising in Cuba, any more than that of the simultaneous revolution in Spain. It may be that the Spaniards will crouch to the yoke of a new monarch, and that Cuba may be forced to submit once more to the despotic domination of Spain. But, if so, we shall feel and rejoice that the disaster is inevitably transient—that Spain shall yet be a Republic, and Cuba an independent, self-governed State, seeking alliance and fraternity wherever her own interest and inclination shall dictate. Meantime, we tender the patriots of either land assurances of the sympathy and good wishes of a very large portion of our countrymen.

It is a great mistake—entertained, however only by those who have not read the Rev. Mr. Abbott's biographies—to suppose that Napoleon I. was not in all respects an eminent Christian character. Whatever we may have thought before, the impression which one gets after reading Mr. Abbott is that Bonaparte was "not merely good, but a goody:"

"A perfect ruler, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command—
A fine old lady, still and bright,
With something of an angel light."

We read in the Paris newspapers that a Belgian clergyman lately shot himself at the tomb of this immortal benefactor of the human race, leaving word that he offered himself up "as a "sacrifice to the genius of the First Emperor;" and a very handsome thing it was in the Belgian clergyman to do it. The shade of the mighty hero—who himself tried to commit suicide when things went badly with him, and who failed because the poison, long carried upon his person, had lost its potency—must have looked down with complacency upon the reverend gentleman from Belgium. It must have seemed to the imperial ghost like a revival of the good old times when hundreds of thousands of men were shot or sabered at the imperial bidding—a revival, it is true, upon a small scale; but, then, half a drop is better than no blood at all. The Belgian, doubtless, burned to link his name forever with that of the great Napoleon; he, probably, had no talent for manufacturing books, and no literary credit with eminent publishers; but he did what he could. Nature had given him the brains which she sometimes denies to the historian, and he cheerfully blew them out as an act of homage to the conqueror.

Our great American writer has been anticipated in this exhibition of reverence, and for the present he must content himself with extending his brains in the production of history upon history; but when Napoleon III. has shuffled off the coil, perhaps Mr. Abbott will go over to Paris and blow out his brains literally (as he has already done metaphorically) in honor of the Emperor now reigning, thereby entitling his heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns, to the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, should a fourth Bonaparte happen to inherit the throne.

The intensely interesting story of the invention of the cast-iron plow, which we published a few days ago, gave the curious history of a costly ring sent by the Emperor Alexander of Russia to Jethro Wood of New-York. It is now more than forty years since the ring disappeared and the brief newspaper controversy concerning it died out. But Mr. Richardson's sketch of Jethro Wood seems likely to bring the long-lost relic to light. A correspondent, whose letter we publish elsewhere, offers to name its present possessor. If that possessor whoever he may be, holds his good name the immediate jewel of his soul, he will promptly turn over the ring to the heirs of Jethro Wood, or come forward and vindicate the memory of the late Dr. Mitchill from the gravest reproach. The following is the history of the ring, as detailed in THE TRIBUNE sketch referred to. [*Ed. Tribune.*

"During the same year, 1820, Jethro Wood sent one of his plows to Alexander I., Emperor of Russia, and the peculiar circumstances attending the gift and its reception formed a large part of the newspaper gossip of the day. Wood, though a man of cultivation intellectually as well agriculturally, was not familiar with French, which was then as now the diplomatic language. So he requested his personal friend, Dr. Samuel Mitchill, President of the New-York Society of Natural History and Sciences, to write a letter in French to accompany the gift.

"The autocrat of all the Russias received the plow and the letter, and sent back a diamond ring—which the newspapers declared to be worth from $7,000 to $15,000—in token of his appreciation. By some indirection, the ring was not delivered to the donor of the plow, but to the writer of the letter, and Dr. Mitchill instantly appropriated it to his own use. Wood appealed to the Russian Minister at Washington for redress. The Minister sent to his Emperor and asked to whom the ring belonged, and Alexander replied that it was intended for the inventor of the plow. Armed with this authority, Wood again demanded the ring of Mitchill. But there were no steamships or telegraphs in those days, and Mitchill declared that in the long interval in which they had been waiting to hear from Russia he had given it to the cause of the Greeks, who were then rising to throw off the yoke of their Turkish oppressors. A newspaper of the time calls Mitchill's course 'an ingenious mode of quartering on the enemy,' and the inventor's friends seem to have believed that the ring had been privately sold for his benefit. At all events, it never came to light again, and Wood, a peaceful man, a Quaker by profession, did not push the matter further."

The State of Mississippi, alone among the States which have voted on their respective Constitutions framed under the Reconstruction acts of Congress, gave a majority of votes against ratifying the instrument. But it is reported that a recount of the votes has just been made by the proper authority, and that it now appears that a majority of the legal votes cast were *in favor* of ratifying: so the State will soon be freed from Military rule and restored to self-government and to representation in Congress. In fact, we presume that the defeat of Seymour and Blair has rendered it no longer desirable, in the eyes of her former aristocracy, that she should remain out of the Union: so we judge that she is coming in by general acquiescence if not by the affirmative and hearty action of those who so stoutly dissented when the vote was taken.

Virginia and Texas are all that remain sullen, and their new Constitutions are completed and ready to be voted on. We hope to see every State self-governed and represented in Congress at furthest by the day on which Gen. Grant's first Message as President is sent in to the two Houses.

With official returns from all the counties but two, as printed in another column, the total vote of New-York foots up 848,278, of which 419,556 are for Grant, and 428,722 for Seymour; Seymour's majority, 9,166. Hoffman's majority is 27,322. The official vote of New-York City is returned as follows: Seymour, 108,316; Grant, 47,702; Hoffman, 112,522; Griswold, 43,372.

W. writes us that the Pacific Railroad will run 40 miles north of Salt Lake City because Brigham Young doesn't want such a Gentile contrivance running through his capital. If so, he shows his usual sagacity. Our opinion in the premises is not worth much; but we think the great world's highway is shortened by this avoidance of the Mormon Zion.

The official majorities of New-Jersey are announced as follows: Seymour, 2,880; Randolph (Governor), 4,618.